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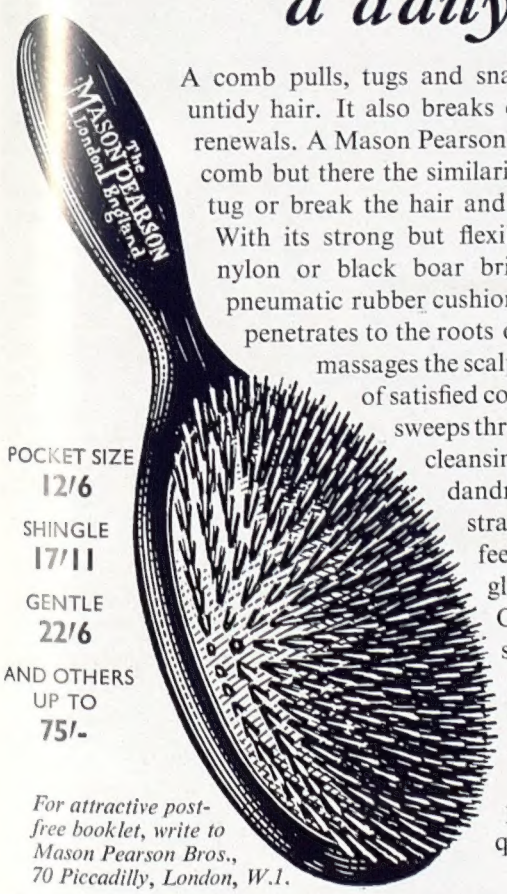

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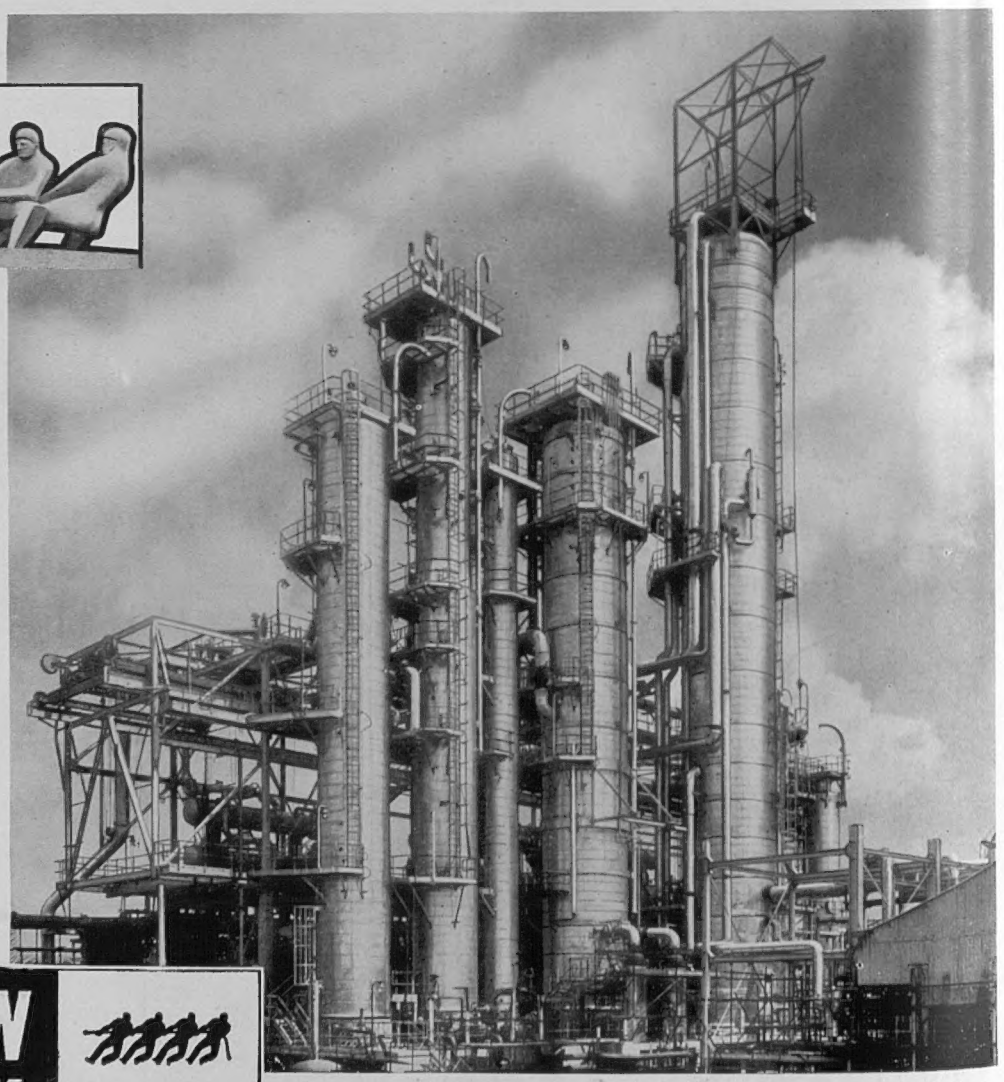

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The SPHERE, London, May 30, 1959

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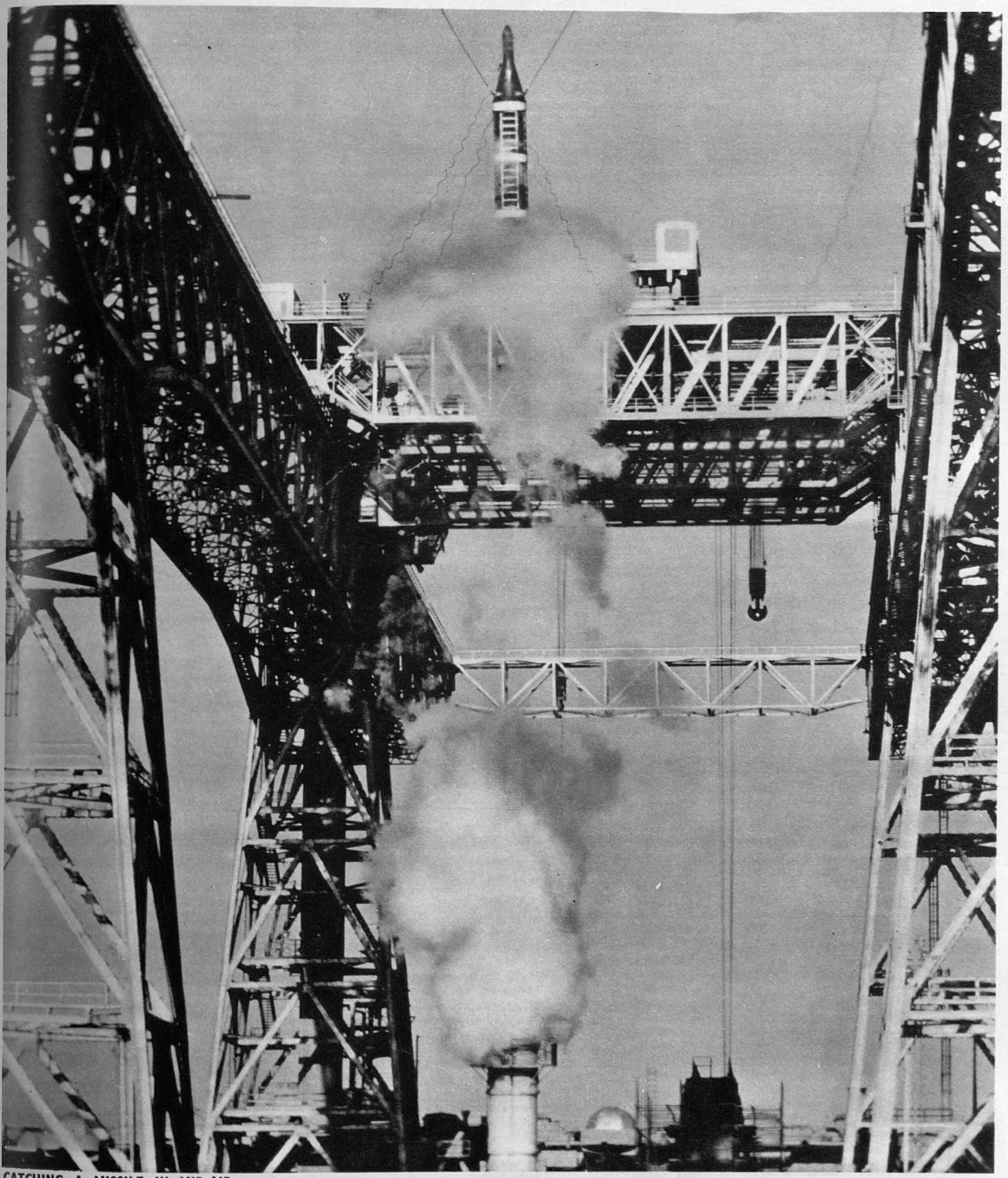

CATCHING A MISSILE IN MID-AIR—TESTING THE AMERICAN POLARIS: At the Naval Shipyard at San Francisco, in California, a dummy missile is fired from an ejector tube. Cables hanging from gigantic gantry cranes, surrounding the launching area, form part of the arresting gear, stopping the metal replicas in flight and lowering them back to the ground. The system is part of the programme of testing the Polaris missile, designed to be fired from nuclear-powered submarines.

The Polaris is a Fleet Ballistic Missile; during its design and development major advances have been made in the techniques of guided missiles. Representing one of the most dangerous and efficient of weapons systems yet developed, Polaris is a complex piece of engineering. Part of the missile programme is the evolution of the shipboard launcher—probably a tube using steam or pneumatic pressure to blow the 29,000-lb., solid-fuel rocket from a submarine lying just under the surface. At the San Francisco Shipyard, tests have been going on leading to the final production of the shipborne launcher. Huge redwood logs and then full-scale, concrete-filled dummies were hurled from the launching tubes into San Francisco Bay. When metal replicas, structurally similar to the Polaris, were envisaged, a more advanced testing system was needed, so that the fragile missile would not be subjected to the violent impact of the water. (Further pictures on page 312.)

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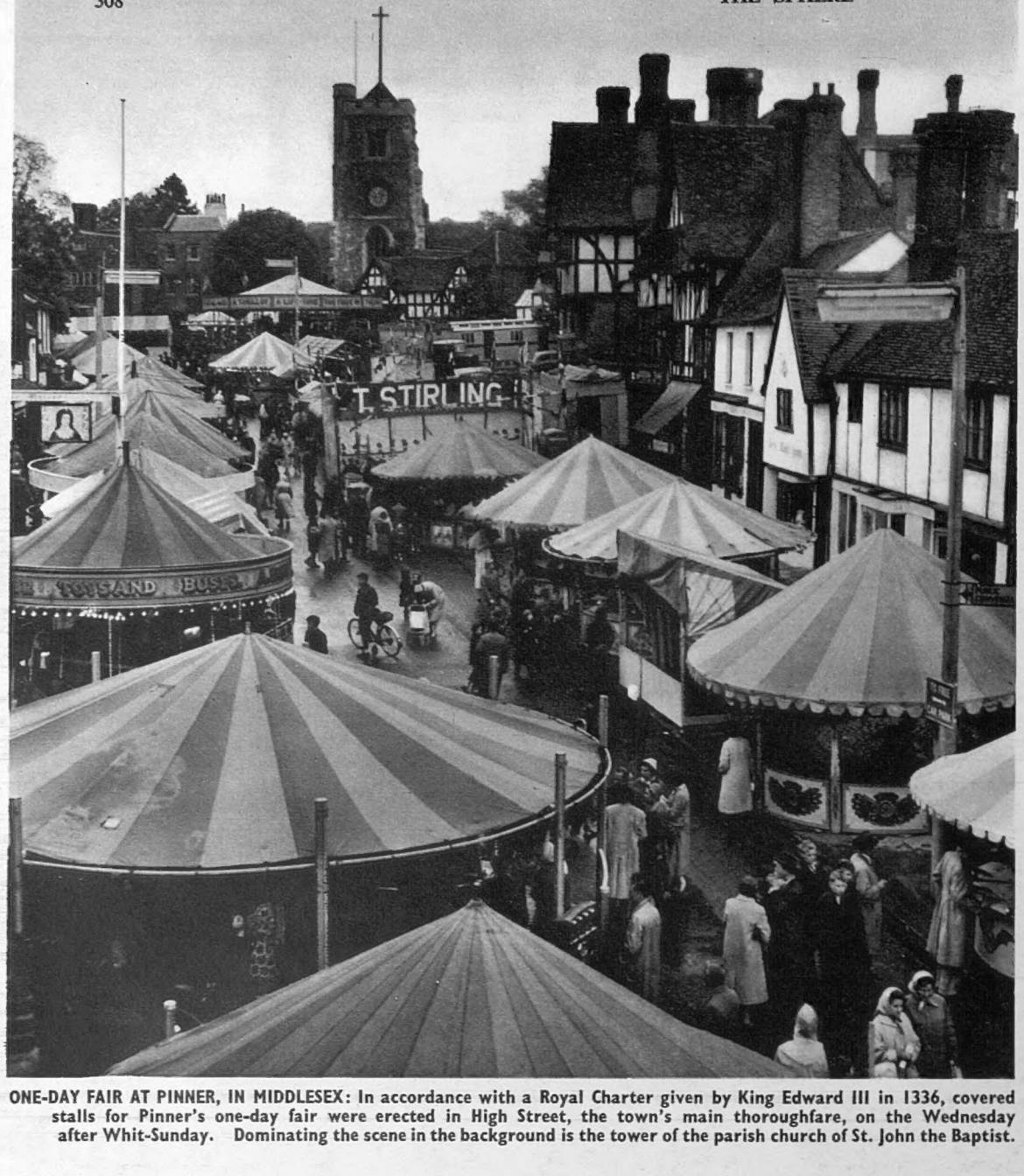


ONE-DAY FAIR AT PINNER, IN MIDDLESEX: In accordance with a Royal Charter given by King Edward III in 1336, covered stalls for Pinner's one-day fair were erected in High Street, the town's main thoroughfare, on the Wednesday after Whit-Sunday. Dominating the scene in the background is the tower of the parish church of St. John the Baptist.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

How Not to Win a General Election

—I have never understood why political opponents, be they nations or parties, waste time in abusing their rivals, time far better spent in justifying their own policies. It is this tendency which greatly helps to acerbate the Cold War and to increase hatred and suspicion, and it is the same tendency which for ever increases my dislike of party political campaigns and broadcasts. Heaven knows there is enough for us to criticise or seek to justify in the policies of the party we support to leave no time over for crabbing those of other parties, and I should have supposed that Conservative candidates in the next General Election would be more usefully armed with answers to critics of Conservative policy than with stings and flings against the Socialists, which serve only to rally wobblers to the Left. But the *Campaign Guide* of 1959 issued by the Conservative Party is full of these foolish mud-slingings. The Opposition, it says, has been listless and dispirited . . . it comes to life only when pursuing stunts and mare's-nests in the hope of damaging the Government's reputation. Its own policy statements have depressed its own supporters and Mr. Gaitskell has let his side down. As for the Liberal revival, it is the biggest mare's-nest of all. These things may be so. If they are so, the average voter is quite intelligent enough to discover the facts without Conservative help, and Tory candidates would be much better employed in collecting material to cram up the holes in their own defences than in rallying the half-hearted or half-convinced to the support of parties belittled by their own. It is very easy to win a laugh on the hustings . . . and lose a vote before that laugh dies out.

Easy Money M.P.s.

—If he was fairly reported, Mr. Nigel Nicolson made an observation at Nottingham University last week which must be unpalatable to M.P.s as a whole. " This idea that M.P.s are dying of overwork is complete nonsense. It is the easiest £1,750-a-year you can earn in this country." The amount of work put in by M.P.s may, of course, depend on whether the constituency served is marginal or safe. I have reason to believe that Members of safe seats can sometimes find time for quite a lot of correspondence and other activities on matters extraneous to their constituents' welfare and to the political directives of their party organisation. Mr. Nicolson made another observation which many people, including some of his fellow M.P.s, will endorse : "A candidate who doesn't paint his own party as white as driven snow and the other as black as soot is regarded as a failure." As I remarked in my previous paragraph, this seems to be the view of the Conservative Party Organisation. Mr. Nicolson has a good deal of excuse and a good deal of support for the second adumbration, and there is no reason to suppose that his debunking of the idea that M.P.s are overworked and underpaid had any connection with the loss of the local organisation's confidence in him.

Cheap Ticket into Space

—After months of appraisement the Government has announced the intention of Britain to be in on the space racket and not to leave the whole business to the Big Two—the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. But our contribution is to be " only a little one." We shall confine ourselves to designing and producing precision instruments which perhaps the big brothers will take and use in exchange for a little vague information about how things are going round Mars and the Moon. If we were to refuse to spend a million or two on this space exploration, we should lose face and become one with all the nations of the world who have not the power and status of the Big Two. That leaves it uncertain whether our leaders believe in their hearts that space probing is *not* a priority while our own earth continues in its untidy and unsatisfactory and dangerous state. The taxpayer will be called on to add merely a little chicken-feed to the heavy sack on his shoulder in order to keep up with the Joneses and Joneskis who live in the big houses which flank our own little villa. Sweet compromise is the key to all problems, and we must be thankful for one which costs us comparatively little. We are entitled to our own opinions of the correct " seeding " of items on the world and national agenda, and if we put Berlin and the Cold War, atom tests and local traffic problems, industrial harmony, productivity, health, housing and education before Mars and the Moon, we are only asked to subscribe in a small way to saving face by keeping up with the Joneses. We can surely afford sixpence worth of moon-shine.

Historic Buildings Council

—For five years the Historic Buildings Council (set up by the Minister of Works to examine and advise the Minister on ancient buildings deserving of grants for preservation as of outstanding importance, historically or architecturally) has been at work, and the public has not very fully comprehended (though it has had the chance) how its money has been spent, what the country has gained by the work done and what the Council still hopes to do. For the council of experts it has been " an agonising appraisement "; for the annual maximum offered has rarely exceeded £500,000; every grant recommended has come after hard bargaining to enforce the owner's share of the essential repairs, scores of really important buildings have perforce been abandoned to their fate and hundreds of small buildings, yeomen's and tradesmen's homes of the best period have as yet had no chance of consideration. Yet it is these small town and village buildings which, if preserved, alone can record for the nation the evolution of village architecture and life from the sixteenth century to the end of the gracious centuries. Within their narrow financial limits, for five years the Council has tried to do justice to small and great, impartially and forever concerned with averting ruin. Sometimes, no doubt, the owners have been slow to co-operate and accept their own sacrifices, often very slow even to take up the grants conceded. Sometimes there have been local whisperings that too much has been allotted to some great palace, such as Castle Howard. The Sixth Annual Report shows how catholic have been the selections within the Council's narrow means. The little houses have had the lion's share. I think the Council makes out a good case for an increased grant or for other facilities for including in the national survey the " vernacular " types to which I refer above. I think there are in Britain to-day a majority of taxpayers willing enough to concede £1,000,000 a year to this Council to continue and enlarge the scope of its work of preservation, and to welcome any Treasury concessions to make the task of preservation easier for owners. Whenever a new oil refinery, rocket site, nuclear power station, or what not, comes up for consideration, it is suddenly and sharply, if only temporarily, borne in on the public conscience that our cultured heritage is melting away, that science and materialism hold the purse, and that " a few hundred thousands " may be better and more wisely spent on preserving some relics of grace and beauty on this earth than on exploring the moon.

A Trip to the Sea

—The traffic jams of Whitsun broke all records. Many motorists who started from London before dawn never saw the sea. They saw only the number-plate of the next ahead and about 4 p.m. turned left into a side road and began the long trek home. Two summers ago I observed the same tragedy

THE HOME-COMING OF THE BLUES: Crowds line the stree their way to Combermere Barracks. The Regiment we They were met by their Colonel, Major-General

in microcosm between Midhurst and West Wittering, and I recorded my speculation, "How will it end two or three years hence?" Of course, it can only end in a revolutionary change of fashion. The sea as the supreme holiday attraction in summer will be washed out and country picnics will take its place. Already the New Forest has become a teeming substitute and all the inland open spaces are accepted as better than nothing. It is a great chance for those who open their gardens under the National Gardens Scheme. Choose a holiday week-end. We broke all records on Whit Sunday. Then again, the inevitable compromise of staggering has long been gaining ground and must be pressed on with and enlarged. For several years the country dweller has resolved to stay at home and work in his garden during summer holiday week-ends. He takes his car out only in emergency. He is needed at home, moreover, if any flower or shrub in his garden or wood is to be spared spoliation by the "gents from town." But the "gents from town" and their employers must henceforth realise the fearful truth and bow to the inevitable. Bank holidays must be duplicated or abolished and staggering must be enforced by Law. A proportion of these employees must work during the recognised holiday week-ends and be compensated. Not easy to arrange, but there is no other way: 50,000,000 people in an island fit for 20,000,000, and a third of them car owners, driving along roads reasonably fit to carry one-third of the number of cars now active, all making their way through bottlenecks to a few popular pinpoints . . . well, it doesn't make sense and doesn't make recreation. It makes tragedy and grievous frustration. And the car industry is flourishing and the birth-rate satisfactory. The Government must start now to solve the problem.

The Russells Exposed to Authors—

One of our greatest literary pundits once remarked that no author would go through the agonies of writing a book unless assured of financial reward. Another, still alive, said that no book written mainly for money was worth reading. There is some truth in both dicta. Every craftsman deserves the rate for the job. Books written solely for money tend to obscure the truth; and, to gain the widest appeal, resort to that sensationalism which appeals to a majority of the reading public. Books written with integrity, without egotism, informed and impartial, win both recognition of merit and money, too. Recently that remarkable family of Russell has perhaps been rather butchered to make a holiday for authors—and readers. Lady Diana Cooper's "Gothic Farmer" is no complete picture of Conrad Russell, one of the most brilliant of wits whose gift of friendship was wide and catholic, and whose intimate friendships embraced a great variety of distinguished men and women, not one only. And as for the recent heads of the family who reigned at Woburn in our own time, even if they showed no great gift of understanding in the upbringing of their heirs, they deserve a better record of their services to the State than can be derived from a nagging sense of grievance against one's forbears. Certainly the 13th Duke of Bedford is a slipshod historian of the earlier notables of his remarkable family, and in particular does his grandfather, the 11th Duke, much less than justice. For he consistently did his duty, as he saw it in his day, without thought of self; an example still worth following.

As the Royal Horse Guards march past Windsor Castle on returning after a thirty-nine-month tour of duty in Cyprus. Richard Howard-Vyse, and were given a civic welcome.

A NEW THEATRE IN THE CITY: The set on the stage of the Mermaid Theatre is for the first production, *Lock up Your Daughters*, which opened last Thursday. The theatre, in Puddle Dock, near Blackfriars Station, is the first to be built in London for twenty-six years. It occupies the shell of a warehouse bombed in the 1941 Blitz. It was built through public subscription and a great deal of the organising work was done by Bernard Miles, the actor, and his wife Josephine Wilson, now the artistic directors of the theatre. The opening production is a musical, adapted from Henry Fielding's comedy *Rape Upon Rape*. All the seats in the Mermaid are on a single tier; there is no circle and no gallery.

Conan Doyle—

On January 20, 1897, on Taunton platform, I invested 6s. (six-tenths of a tip just received from Sir Thomas ("Stumpy") Dyke Acland, of Holnicote, Devon) in a blue linen-covered volume bearing the anchor and imprint of Smith, Elder, and titled *Rodney Stone*, by A. Conan Doyle. Already Conan Doyle had published nearly all his most famous books, *The Adventures and Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, *Gerard*, *Girdlestone*, *The White Company*, *The Red Lamp*, and so on, and many a guttering candle had spluttered out by my bedside as I read the adventures of the "great detective." No man who loves literature should ever be so cowardly as to "scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend." It is *Rodney Stone*, smelling, as it does, of the midnight oil of period research, which gave me my lifelong love of the Regency period, and my gratitude to Conan Doyle, that born story-teller and flagrant copy-cat. He never wished to be remembered by his Holmes stories. He prided himself on being a great historical novelist. But he is buried under Sherlock Holmes and, for my part, I refuse to join in speculation as to the original of the great detective, for even in the '90's I was cynical enough to doubt if the detective *was* great. After all, *I* could have solved the cipher in the "Gloria Scott" and guessed the answer to half the problems set Holmes. When the pundits speculate whether Bell or Wendel Sherer was the "original" of Holmes, I advance the revolutionary theory that all that work of detection was done by two brothers Watson, identical in their childlike simplicity. In the year of publication in *The Strand* of *The Lion's Mane* (of the final series), Conan Doyle wrote me a charming letter in which he said: "I have never taken the Holmes stories seriously myself. I test them by their effect on fresh, young minds, and I find they stand that test well. If I were to choose the six best Holmes stories I should certainly include *The Illustrious Client* and *The Lion's Mane* of the last series. I should put *The Noble Bachelor* about the bottom of the list." Each to his choice. For me it is that tattered copy of *Rodney Stone*, and not any of the innumerable reprints of Sherlock Holmes which embodies and registers my lifelong gratitude to that Peter Pan of letters, Conan Doyle, born a century ago, a generous, chivalrous, simple man.

Is *This* the Face . . . ?—

Time was when there was no more photogenic subject than the Duke of Windsor, when he won all hearts as the young Prince of Wales. To-day, his most fervent admirers (and he has many) would pray him on bended knee to find some means to avoid the photographers. Much can be done, even by the most publicised, with a hand and a hat-brim. For in truth what the Press photographers make of his face to-day is tragedy and almost horror, and grows worse and worse. In part, no doubt, that face is registering its owner's distaste for the attentions it receives whenever, in his Flying Dutchman's eternal pursuit of change and distraction, his car comes to a halt as he moves from country to country and from hotel to home. Yet we have no reason at all to believe that he is haunted by the past or the "might-have-been." Repeatedly, he has assured the world that his agonising choice has been justified and continues to justify itself, that the world of pomp was well lost for love, and that the pursuit of pleasure satisfies him more than the heavy and lonely responsibilities of sovereignty and protocol and grave affairs could ever have done. And in that belief the nation which once greatly admired him, has come to share. It was better so; but because the nation's sympathy has never been withdrawn from him, the nation does not care to be shaken in its belief that he has no regrets and remains a happy man, contented with his lot. It is up to the photographers. If they cannot now show us a happy Prince, they should spare him their attentions.

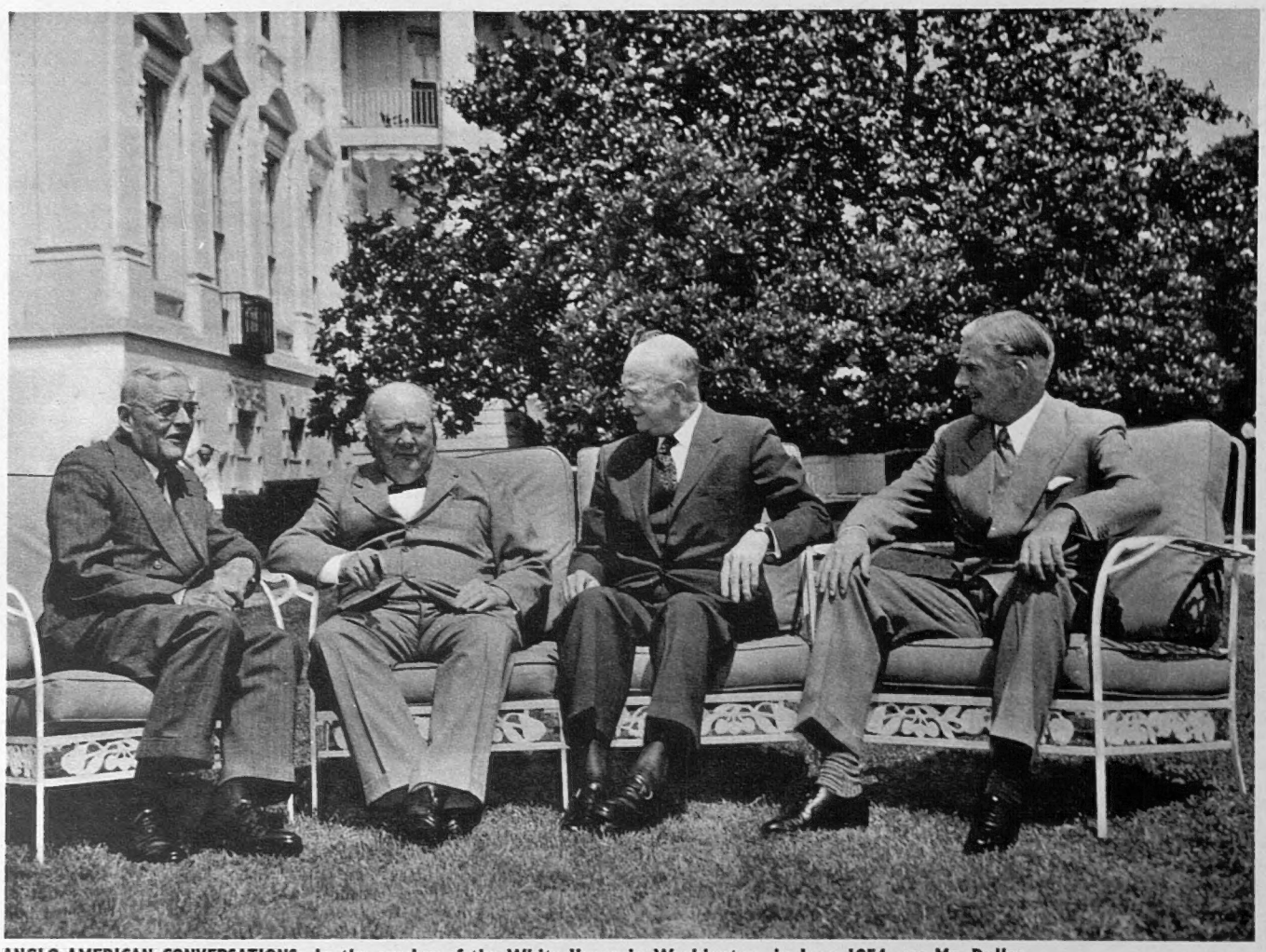
A Needed Fillip to Cricket—

It just needed a fine May—"shine in the hearts of your cricketers, shine, good sun"—to redeem first-class cricket from the doldrums into which it had fallen as a result of the financially successful and psychologically disastrous Australian tour. Some people who love cricket felt during those wash-out days at the end of April, when cricket raises its head annually and too early, that never again could they sit in half-empty arenas watching a dying game. Came the dawn, May and some sunshine, and the whole scene was transformed. The old game revived and such thrilling finishes as were to be seen at Lord's, Hove, Bristol, Brentwood and Birmingham before May was half-out told the rogues they lied, who were wearing black armbands for the old game. But it was "a near-run thing, and I don't think it would have done," if the Solar Duke had waited till June 18 to "be there." Perhaps it was the cast-iron wickets and stimulus of a dry and sunny May which enabled a Marylebone G.S. old boy and fast bowler to do a double hat-trick, 6 wickets in six consecutive balls, 8 wickets for 5 runs and the side all out for 12, a rare feat at any time, rarest when it is batsman's weather.

THE OLD STAGER

DULLES—HIS LIFE AND CAREER

The Story of a Great American



ANGLO-AMERICAN CONVERSATIONS: In the garden of the White House in Washington, in June 1954, are Mr. Dulles, Sir Winston Churchill (then Prime Minister); President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden (then Foreign Secretary). At the time of these talks John Foster Dulles had held the office of Secretary of State for a year and a half.

GRADUATE OF PRINCETON: The young J. F. Dulles aged twenty. He was also educated at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

John Foster Dulles's tenure of the State Department lasted slightly more than six years—from January 1953 to April 1959. His conduct of affairs was highly personal in two senses. He often chose to deal at first hand with some problem regarding a particular foreign country or countries, thus relegating his ambassadors to figures of secondary importance. He also formulated his policies upon his own strongly held individual belief of what was right and what was the proper way to achieve freedom.

He was born on February 25, 1888, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and he remained a devout adherent of the Presbyterian faith throughout his life. As a young man he had some experience of Foreign Affairs, being a secretary at The Hague Peace Conference in 1907. In 1917 he served as a representative of the State Department in Central America and two years later he held a minor post in the American delegation to the Versailles Conference.

For the next twenty-five years he was largely concerned with his practice as a lawyer, although he served from time to time on various American commissions dealing with foreign problems. He also wrote a book, *War, Peace and Change* (1939), which was banned by Hitler. It was not until 1944 that he came to be regarded as a possible Republican "Shadow Secretary of State."

In that year he became adviser on Foreign Affairs to Governor Dewey, the Republican Presidential candidate against F. D. Roosevelt. Dulles strongly opposed the isolationist tendencies in his party and advocated a bi-partisan foreign policy. His opinions were recognised and appreciated by the Democrats and he was a Foreign Affairs consultant to a succession of Democratic Secretaries of State and a United States delegate to the infant United Nations.

When Mr. Eisenhower swept the Republicans to victory in 1952 Dulles was the obvious and only candidate for the Secretaryship of State. Very soon the world realised that American foreign policy was in fact Dulles's foreign policy, and pictures of his austere figure leaving or entering an airliner in innumerable world capitals became familiar in the Press.

EXPONENT OF BI-PARTISAN FOREIGN POLICY: As a U.S. delegate to the United Nations, Mr. Dulles sits next to Mrs. Roosevelt at a U.N. session in 1947 and listens to a vitriolic speech from Russia's Mr. Vishinsky.

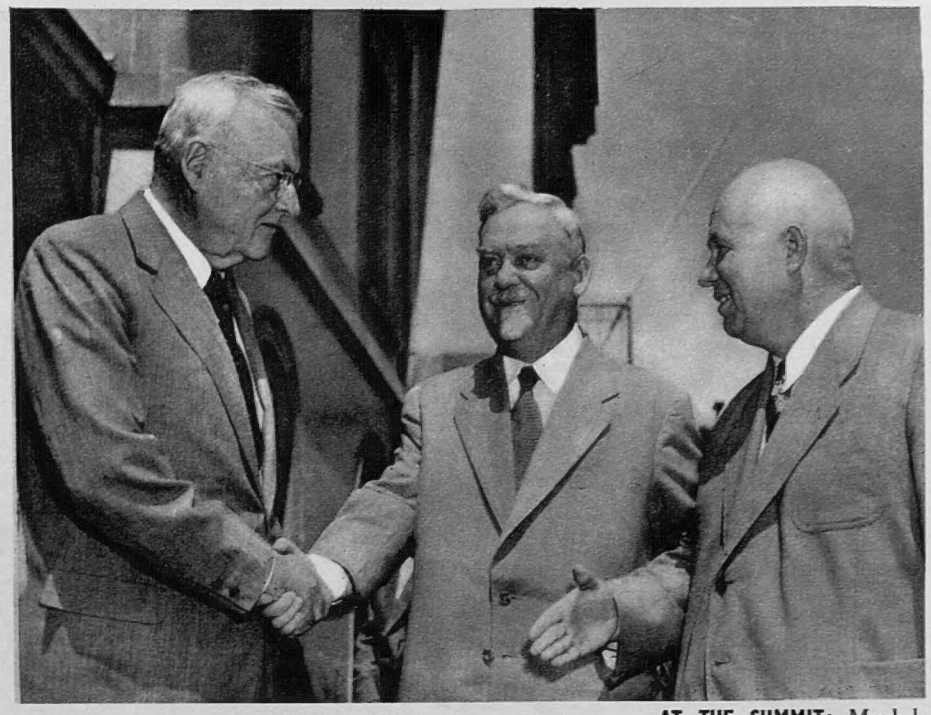
It is too early as yet to make any historical assessment of his policies. In his bitter opposition to expansionist Communism, he believed it was first essential to "contain" it before attempting to come to any *modus vivendi*. In his "containment" he can be judged successful. Post-Stalin Communism did not expand during the era of Dulles. His opponents held that with his first objective attained, he remained too inflexible in his approach to the second, to the question of easing the tension between East and West. His support for Chiang Kai-shek against Red China was often cited as an example. In the Far East and elsewhere he was sometimes accused of "brinkmanship."

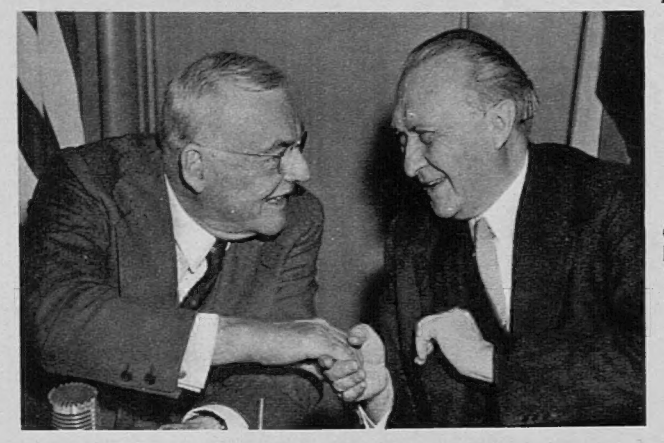
The Suez crisis was the most controversial matter between Dulles and Britain. Underlying the Secretary of State's behaviour was probably the conviction that though Anglo-American relations might be temporarily ruptured over what he believed to be a wider issue, they must inevitably soon be mended. But even those who most bitterly opposed his policies always respected him.

THE PERPETUAL TRAVELLER: Mr. Dulles arrives at London Airport in August 1956 for the urgent talks following Nasser's nationalisation of the Suez Canal. As Secretary of State he constantly travelled by air about the world and these journeys must doubtless have taken heavy toll of his health.

On left—
SENATOR AND FAMILY: The picture was taken in 1949 when Mr. Dulles was for a brief period a Republican Senator for New York. Sitting with him is Mrs. Dulles and behind are two of their children, Mrs. Robert Henshaw and the Rev. Avery Dulles, a Jesuit.

THE LAST JOURNEY TO EUROPE: The Secretary of State is seen with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in London last February. Mr. Dulles, who had come to visit Western Europe for discussions in various capitals on the Berlin crisis, was already a very sick man.





AT THE SUMMIT: Marshal Bulganin, then the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, and Mr. Khrushchev, meet Mr. Dulles. The occasion was the Summit Conference at Geneva in the summer of 1955, at which East-West negotiations were largely a failure.

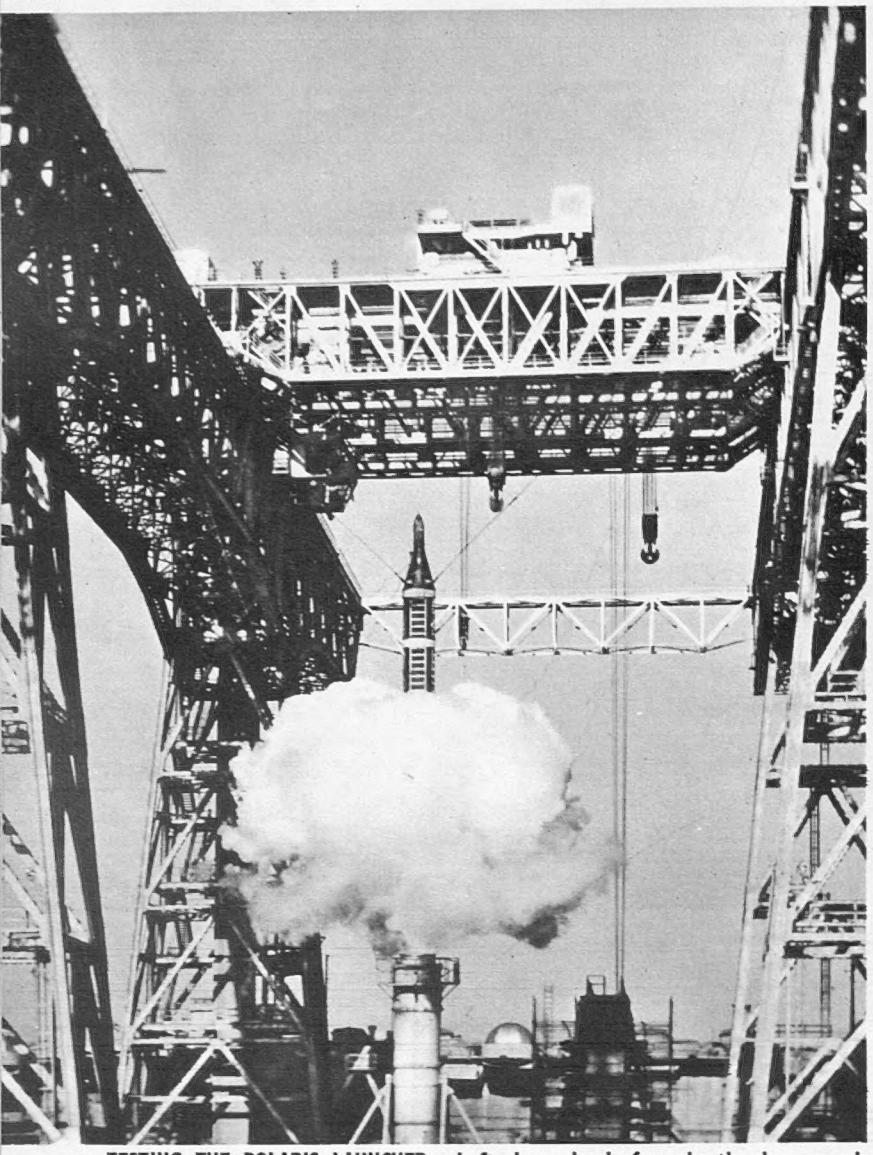
On left—
MUTUAL ADMIRATION: The Secretary of State with Dr. Adenauer on one of the latter's visits to Washington. Mr. Dulles and the Federal German Chancellor were reported to have great admiration for each other.

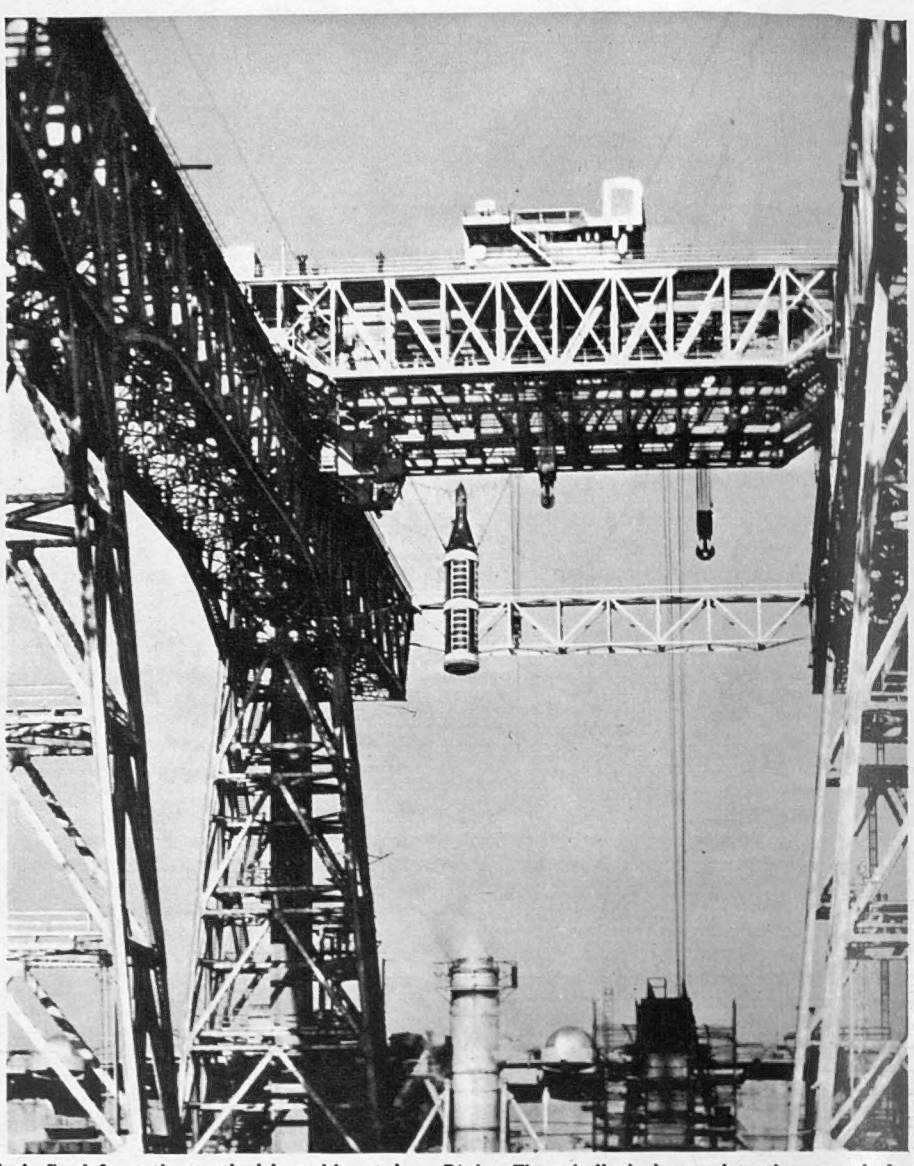
IN THE FAR EAST: A visit to the South Korean Defences shortly before the outbreak of the war in 1950. Although a Republican, Mr. Dulles was at that time Foreign Affairs consultant to President Truman.

MR. DULLES AND HIS SUCCESSOR: Mr. Christian Herter, then Assistant Secretary of State, held an umbrella for his chief at Washington Airport in 1958.

WITH CHIANG KAI-SHEK: Between the Chinese Nationalist Leader and the Secretary of State is Mr. George Yeh, the Chinese Nationalist Ambassador to the United States. This visit to Formosa was made last year. Mr. Dulles's conduct of Far Eastern affairs was among the most controversial of his policies.

On left—
A LAST PICTURE: Inside the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington at the beginning of this month. Mr. Dulles in a wheelchair talks with President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill, who made a point of visiting his old friend during his stay at the White House.

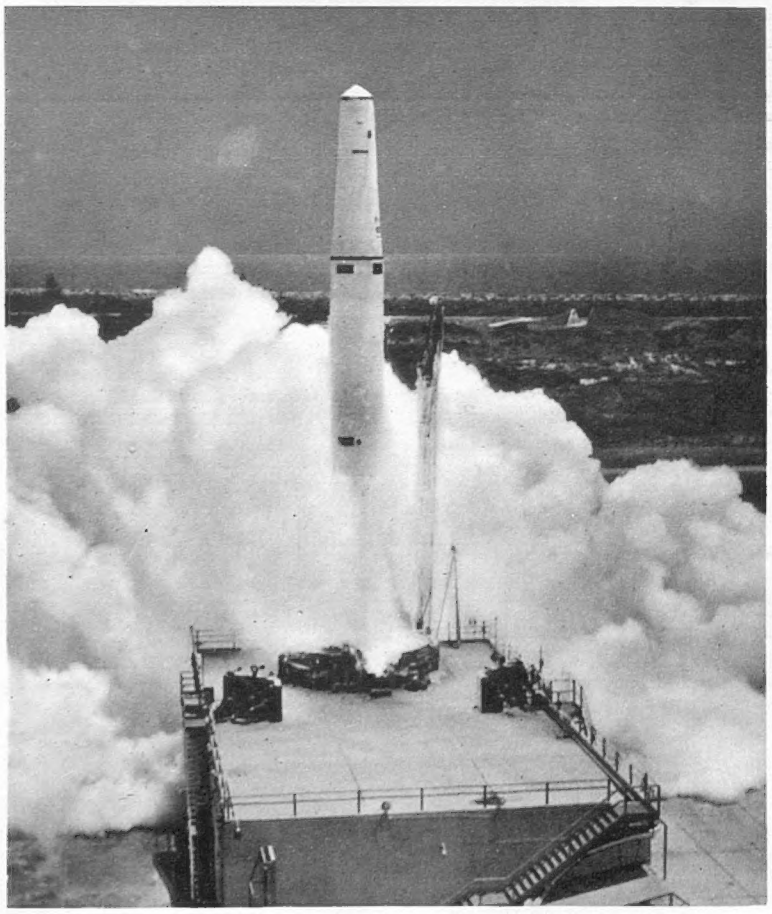


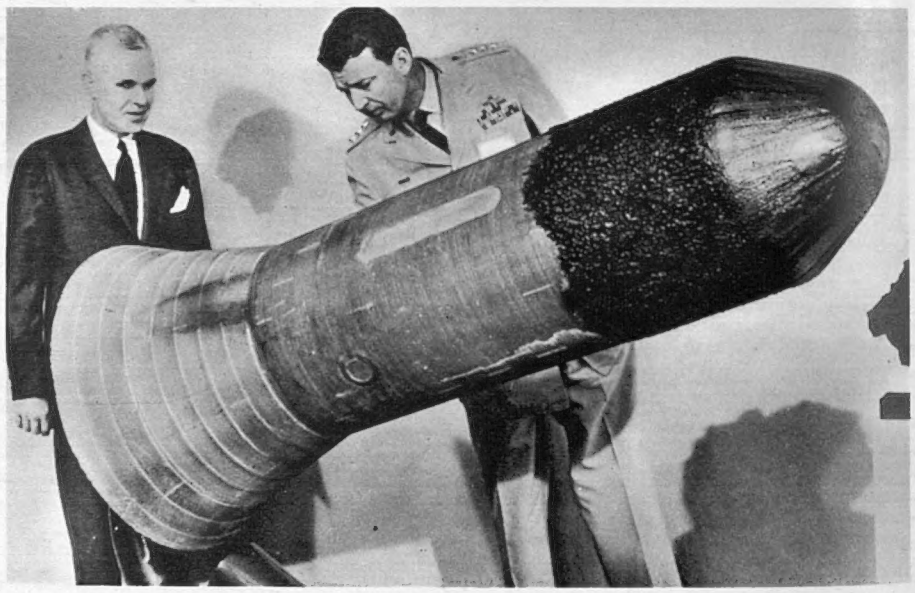


TESTING THE POLARIS LAUNCHER: *Left*—**In a cloud of smoke the dummy missile is fired from the vertical launching tube.** *Right*—**The missile is lowered to the ground after it has been fired and caught. Long cables are attached to the dummy to slow it down at the top of its flight and then enable it to be lowered to the ground. The tests are being carried out at the Naval Shipyard in San Francisco by the Navy Bureau of Ordnance with the Westinghouse Electric Corporation (in charge of the launching system) and Lockheed Missiles and Space Division (system manager for the Polaris).** The tests, using huge overhead cranes and arrester gear modified from that used to halt aircraft landing on aircraft-carriers, are designed to enable the replicas to carry delicate instruments. They permit the replica and its instruments to be used several times. Weighing some 29,000 lb., the Polaris missile is about 27 ft. long with an overall diameter of 54 ins. At its fastest the missile travels at about 10,000 m.p.h. and has a range of over 500 miles. It is to be launched from a nuclear-powered submarine designed to incorporate such weapons. The first of the submarines, the U.S.S. *George Washington* is planned to be in operation in 1960.

TESTING U.S. MISSILES

Developing the Launching System of the Polaris; Recovery of Data and Nose Cones; Research Equipment





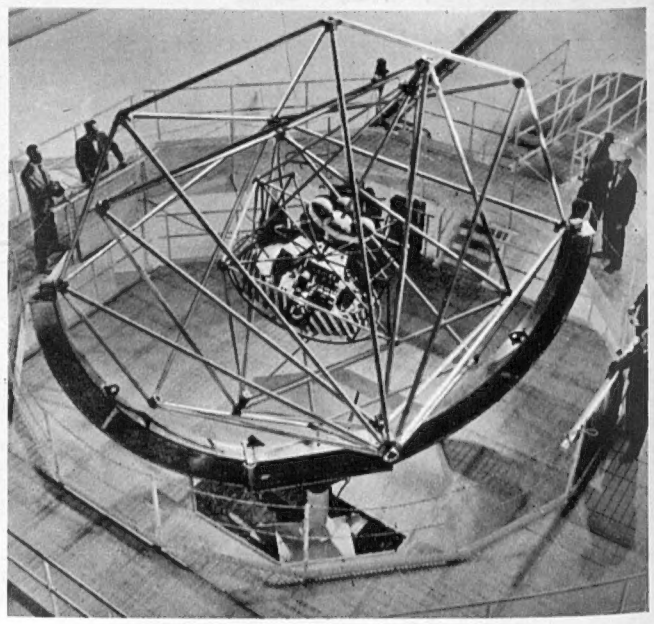
A NOSE CONE ON DISPLAY: Lieut.-General Schriever (right), Commander of the Air Research and Development Command, and Mr. K. R. Wilson, President of the AVCO Manufacturing Company, inspect the blunt-ended nose cone of a Thor-Able test vehicle used in investigating problems of re-entering the atmosphere. The missile flew 5,500 miles from Cape Canaveral, and the nose cone was recovered later.

On left—

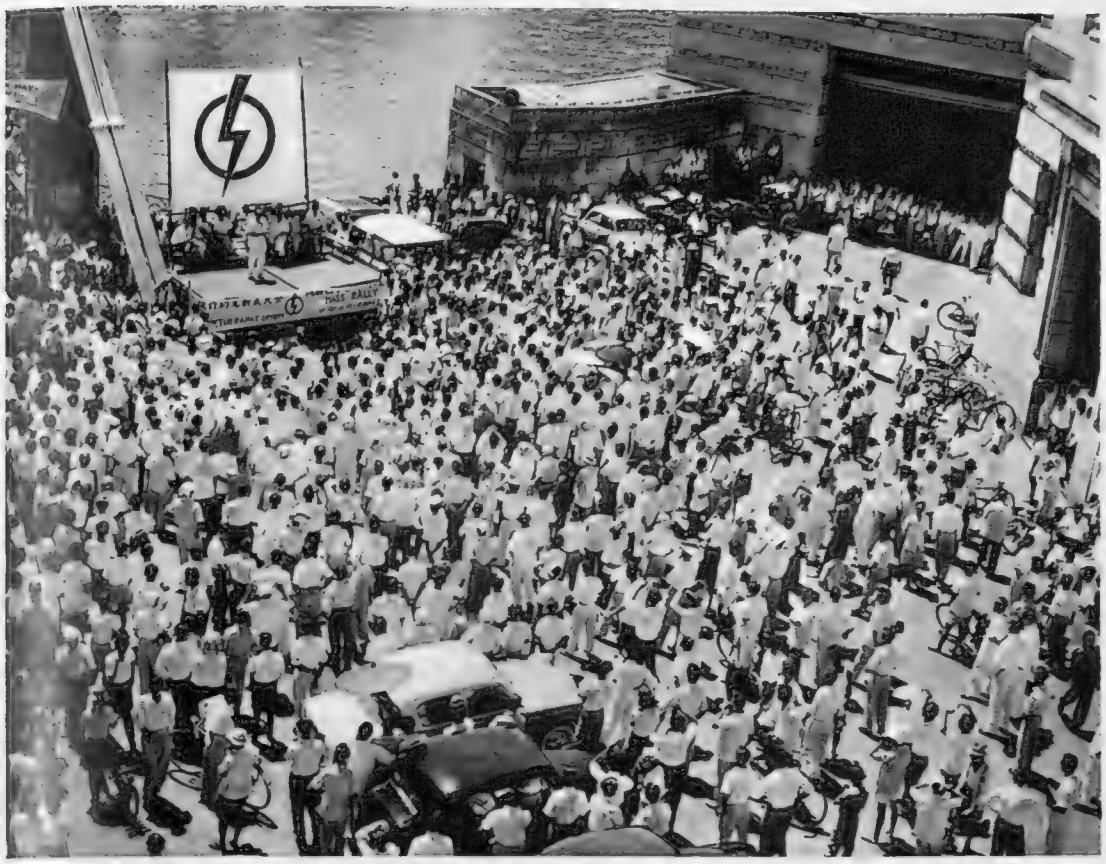
A MISSILE LAUNCH: Carrying a tiny camera inside its nose cone, a Thor missile is fired from Cape Canaveral in Florida. It made a successful flight and thirty-nine minutes later a capsule containing data was recovered from the Atlantic.

On right—

A RESEARCH PROGRAMME: A triple cage, resembling interlocking gyroscopes, is inspected at the research centre in Cleveland, Ohio. Mounted in the centre is a dummy missile capsule containing instruments. The cage, which moves in three axes, simulates the manœuvres of a missile in flight.



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

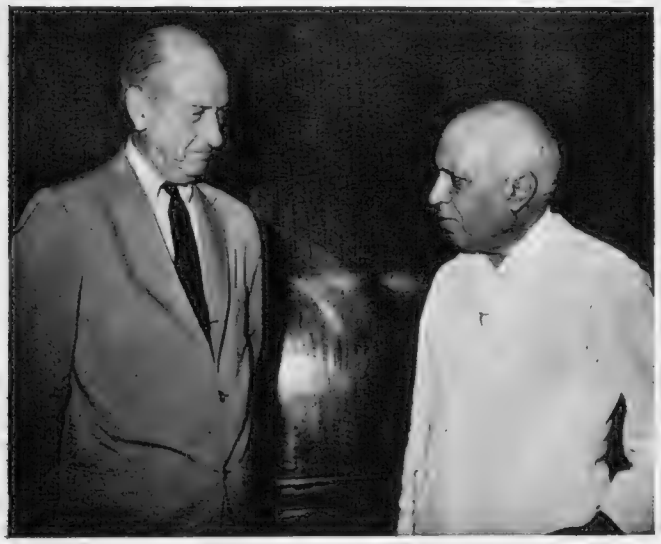


SINGAPORE ELECTIONS: A crowd listens to one of the speakers at a People's Action Party rally. The symbol of the party, to the extreme left of politics in Singapore, is a red lightning bolt on a blue circle. One move in the rivalry of the elections was a threat by Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, of the P.A.P., that action would be taken against any newspaper that tried to strain relations between Singapore and the Federation of Malaya.

ADDRESSING AN ELECTION MEETING: Mr. Lim Yew Hock, the Chief Minister of Singapore, gestures as he addresses a rally in Singapore of his own party, the Singapore People's Alliance. He stated that in his view the P.A.P. was responsible for the strained relations between Singapore and Malaya. It was expected that the P.A.P. would gain control after the General Election. Some businesses, including one of the newspapers threatened, the *Straits Times*, have moved their premises from Singapore to the Federation; there is said to be a long-standing nervousness of what the extreme left-wing P.A.P. would do when it came to power.

On right—

MR. EUGENE BLACK IN INDIA: The President of the World Bank is seen in New Delhi with Mr. Nehru. Accompanied by advisers, Mr. Black flew to India to launch the latest series of talks with Indian and Pakistan leaders over the canal waters dispute in the Indus Valley. The two countries have disagreed over this for ten years.



A GENERAL ARRESTED IN JORDAN: General Sadiq Sharei, Deputy Chief of Staff of the Jordan Army (second left), is reported to have been imprisoned in Amman. He is with General Habes Majaly (right), Chief of Staff of the Jordan Army. General Sharei was placed under house arrest some months ago, after the discovery of an alleged plot against the regime in Jordan at the time of King Hussein's departure on his world tour. Although later General Sharei was released and resumed his duties, it appeared that he had no authority. Reports suggest a clash between the army officers of the north and those of the south, and have stated that some eighty officers have been arrested in the last two years.

On left—

COLOURS LAID UP AT WINDSOR CASTLE: Canon V. J. Pike, Chaplain-General to the Forces, conducts a service in the Great Quadrangle before the ceremony of laying up the Colours of the Royal Berkshire Regiment in the State apartments of the Castle. The regiment, which was raised in 1743, is to be amalgamated with the Wiltshire Regiment to form the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire). Before the service, the 1st Battalion marched through the town.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SERIOUS FLOODS IN SOUTH AFRICA: Flood waters swirl between the sides of a severed road bridge over the River Illovo, south of Durban, Natal. Hundreds of square miles of Southern Natal and Cape Province were inundated by torrential rains which raised river levels well above normal. In one case a river rose twenty feet in four hours. The number of people reported dead is over sixty. At Margate and Port Shepstone, two of the biggest towns on the South Natal coast, drinking water was cut off and bread, milk and butter were rationed.

CENTRE SPANS SWEPT AWAY: Sightseers stand on one of the stumps of the road bridge over the River Illovo. Because of damage to rail bridges, railway communications between Durban and Southern Natal were completely severed.

On right—
DAMAGE TO A FACTORY: Cars and coaches lie overturned in the mud near a rayon factory by the Umkomaas River, in Southern Natal. Flood waters from the river rose and flowed over the buildings. Many thousands of people were made homeless during the flooding and aircraft were used to get food and medical supplies to isolated areas.

FLOOD DEVASTATION IN A CLOCK-MAKING TOWN IN GERMANY: The main road leading into the town of Schramberg in the Black Forest is almost completely washed away. Recent heavy thunderstorms and torrential rains caused the floods which poured down on to the clock-making town from the surrounding mountains. The damage is estimated at several million marks, but there were no casualties. Schramberg, beautifully situated 1,365 ft. up in the mountains, is a town of some 12,000 people. Clock-making was started in 1865.

GOODS WAGONS CRASH AT WALMER, IN KENT: The line between London and Ramsgate is blocked after five bogies, loaded with more than 200 tons of rails for electrification, and other wagons had crashed and overturned at Walmer Goods Station. They had become separated from the engine some distance away and ran backwards down a gradient for about two miles. At Walmer Station a porter-signalman switched the wagons, which were then travelling at about 70 m.p.h., to a goods siding, where they travelled for another 200 yards before crashing through the buffers and mounting a high bank. Trains were diverted from the line for some hours.

STRANDED OFF THE FRENCH COAST: Her stern awash, the British cargo-ship *Channel Trader* (500 tons) lies abandoned on rocks off Cap de la Hague. She ran aground in dense fog and it is thought that her compass may have been affected by magnetic phenomena. The master of the *Channel Trader* said that he thought that he was east of Alderney when the vessel ran aground. All the crew got off safely, reaching St. Germain des Vaux by boat. The *Channel Trader* was on a voyage from Portsmouth to Jersey. Fog later delayed air services to Jersey.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A STATE VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS: The Shah of Persia, with Prince Bernhard and Queen Juliana at his side, inspects the guard of honour in front of the Dutch Royal Palace in the Dam-Square, Amsterdam. The Shah was on a State visit to Holland.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE IN ROME: The procession moves along the Via dei Fori Imperiali, with the Colosseum on the left and the Triumphal Arch of Constantine on the right. King Paul of the Hellenes is in the front car with President Gronchi of Italy. In the second car is Queen Frederika and Donna Carla Gronchi. The mounted escort are Corazzieri, the Presidential bodyguard. During the drive to the Presidential Palace a woman, holding a child, threw herself in front of King Paul's car. The woman, who was born in Athens, was uninjured and later said she did it to obtain restitution of family assets that she claimed were frozen or confiscated by Greek authorities. The King and Queen of Greece were on a four-day official visit to Rome.

A FALL OF STONE BLOCKS THE CORINTH CANAL: During clearing operations of the 5-mile-long Greek canal, large boulders are lifted on to a barge by a crane. The continental bank is on the left.

On left—

CLEARING THE CANAL: A grab on the floating-crane lifts some of the rubble blocking the canal, which cuts across the narrow isthmus separating the continental part of Greece from the Peloponnese. During the work, all shipping plying between the Ionian and Ægean Seas has to make the longer journey round the Peloponnese. No damage to shipping was caused by the landslide, but it is not expected that the canal will be open again before the middle of June.

AN EPISCOPAL VISITATION TO CYPRUS: Monsignor Elia Farah, the Archbishop of the Maronite Christians, stands with Archbishop Makarios in the village of Kormakiti. Archbishop Farah had come from Lebanon for this visitation to the Maronites of Cyprus.

On right—

TURKISH CELEBRATION IN NICOSIA: Dressed in traditional uniforms, a party of Turkish Guards march through a street in the Cypriot capital. The Guards had come from Turkey to take part in the celebrations of the Turkish Youth Day Festival on the island.

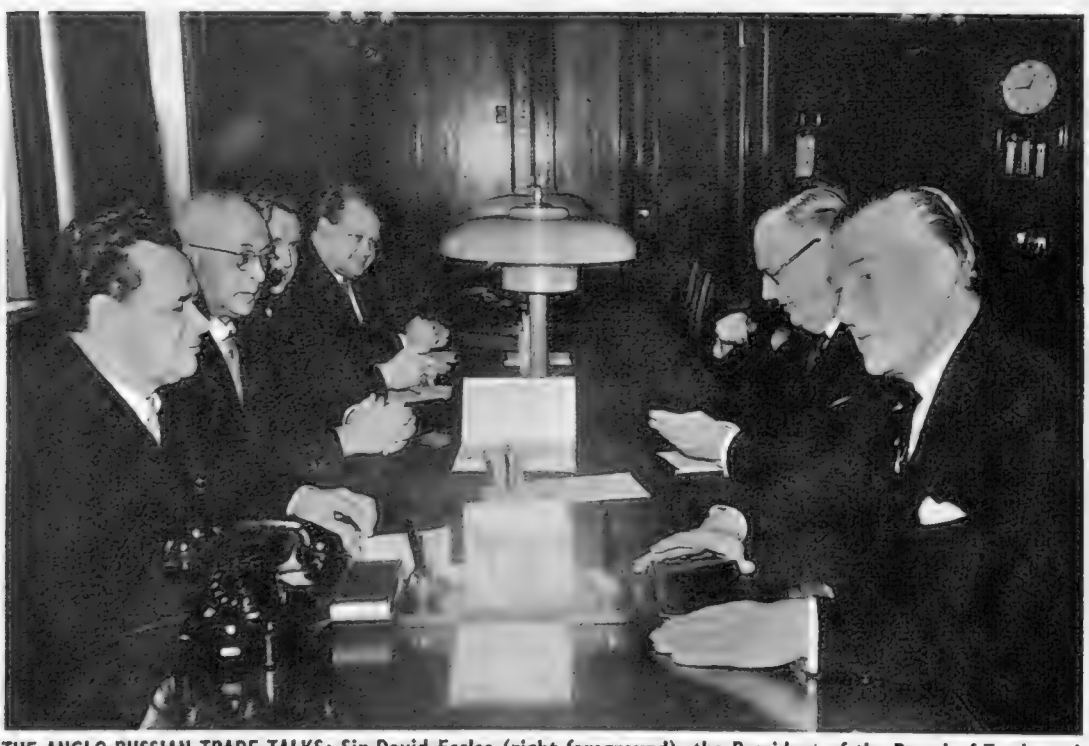
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MBOYA WELCOMED BACK AT NAIROBI AIRPORT: Supporters wave and a jazz band plays in honour of Mr. Tom Mboya (second left, wearing a hat), an African member of the Kenya Legislative Assembly. He had been on a six-week tour of the United States. Many police were on duty at the airport, and ten Africans, wearing red shirts, were arrested. Later a police spokesman said that the Africans were to be charged with wearing uniforms illegally. Some 3,000 people went to the airport.

RETURN TO THE BELGIAN CONGO: Mr. Joseph Kasavubu, one of the African leaders involved in the riots in the Congo at the beginning of this year, appeals for quiet as he is acclaimed outside his home in Leopoldsville. The leader of the Nationalist Party Abako, he was flown to Belgium in March, leaving the Congo of his own consent.

ALGERIAN REBEL LEADERS MEET THE KING OF MOROCCO: In the Royal Palace at Rabat King Mohammed V talks with M. Abdelhafid Boussouf (nearer camera) and M. Krim Bel Kassim. Both are Ministers in the "Provisional Government" set up by the Algerian rebels. The subject of their conversations was not disclosed. It is regarded as certain that they had discussions on the King's forthcoming meeting with General de Gaulle.

RED CHINA SHOWS SYMPATHY FOR THE ALGERIAN REBELS: Mao Tse-tung shakes hands with M. Omar Oussedik, leader of an Algerian rebel delegation on a visit to China. Last week China demonstrated further support for the rebels when the Chinese Ambassador in Rabat called on members of the Algerian "Provisional Government" there. From Algeria there were reports of heavy fighting and severe French casualties.



THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE TALKS: Sir David Eccles (right foreground), the President of the Board of Trade and leader of the British delegation, faces Mr. Patolichev, the Soviet Minister for External Trade, across the table in Moscow. The discussions began slowly and at one time there seemed to be a danger of deadlock owing to the Russian demand for large Government credits in Britain. However, in the latter part of last week the atmosphere was reported to be easier. A British spokesman said they were "hoping to get an agreement negotiated by the end of the week," as result of a meeting between the senior members of the two delegations. He added a warning that no great expansion of Anglo-Russian trade could be expected "overnight." Sir David and his party planned to return home at the beginning of this week.

RUSSIAN AIRLINE OFFICIALS IN LONDON: Marshal Zhigarev (right), head of the Russian airline Aeroflot, talks with Mr. A. H. Milward after presenting B.E.A. with a figure of a bison to mark Aeroflot's inaugural flight to London. Marshal Zhigarev, heading a group of thirteen Russian air executives visiting London, later saw the Decca short-range navigational system in operation. Russia is considering buying the equipment.

World Affairs

THE EAST-WEST SLOGGING MATCH

By JOHN CONNELL

AT my preparatory school we were taught boxing by a ferociously bloodthirsty, wizened little ex-sergeant, who appeared to extract the utmost pleasure out of encouraging frail smatchets of nine and ten to bash the daylights out of each other. For some quite unaccountable reason he addressed us all, quite impartially, as "Jimmy." Across the gulf of forty years I hear the rasping, curiously sensual voice: "'Old 'im with your left, Jimmy, and then you 've got 'im with your right, and you can 'it 'im and 'it 'im. Savage 'im you can—but 'old 'im with your left."

Peculiarly poor advice for me it was, because I was left-handed, but no matter. I sometimes suspect that some of the senior, powerful men in the Kremlin, including Mr. Khrushchev himself, have taken lessons in diplomacy from an instructor with views and a temperament not dissimilar from those of my loathsome old sergeant. If you regard diplomatic negotiations like boxing, as a number of rounds in a long, hard-fought contest with the dubious prospect of a knock-out to keep you going, then you are obviously an obedient Jimmy under tutelage of this kind.

From the outset at Geneva the Russians went into the ring in tough, combative form. By the beginning of last week the preliminaries were accomplished—the argument about the shape of the table, and the bare-faced attempt to elbow the Poles and the Czechs in, on the grounds that they had suffered so much under German invasion in World War II—and the Russians came in to a clinch.

On Whit Monday, when thousands of motorists in Britain were caught in the long, slow, tortuous trail back to the cities from the sea and the countryside, in Geneva at the Foreign Ministers' Conference Mr. Gromyko dealt with the Western Powers' "packaged" proposals for dealing with the reunification of Germany, the status of Berlin and the general easing of tension in Europe. His was a vigorous and uncompromising attack. He drew blood more than once, but it was clear that he was not out for the kill.

The famous package, however, began to look extremely battered. He called it "completely unrealistic." He wondered whether it was designed to get a solution or to create a deadlock. It could, he said firmly, in no way serve as a basis for negotiations. He gave his own Government's list of priorities, which was headed (in his view) by the pressing problems: a peace treaty with Germany, which, in practice, means separate treaties for East and West Germany: and the question of West Berlin. The peace treaty (or treaties) should entail the withdrawal of Germany as a whole from both Power blocs, but the question of German reunification and with it that of free elections were matters for the Germans to settle for themselves. The Western Powers' proposals for a united city of Berlin were utterly unacceptable to the Soviet Union; he saw West Berlin, he said, as "a NATO stronghold advanced far into the territory of the German Democratic Republic, and used for subversion and provocation against the Republic, the U.S.S.R. and other States."

Having thus done his best to break up the central core of the package, Mr. Gromyko went on skilfully to try to untie the rest of it, by declaring that Russia would be ready to reach "acceptable solutions" on such points as a four-Power declaration on the settlement of disputes by peaceful means, some disarmament questions and the creation of a zone of limited armaments.

The effect of this was to edge the Western Powers into their corner—and it had not, after all, been very difficult to foresee. The weakness of the package was always this: that it gave the Russians the chance to appear to make concessions on matters of substance, while, in fact, they were wrecking the whole Western proposition. The opportunity was far too good to miss, and the Russians took it with dour promptitude. That by the middle of last week official Western spokesmen at Geneva were implicitly admitting, and commentators were openly canvassing, the likelihood of an interim arrangement for Berlin being discussed, was a tribute to the adroitness and the toughness of Russian tactics.

But all this has surely been what Lord Montgomery would describe as "a small sideshow," or in my old sergeant's terminology "holding your opponent with your left," while the real politico-diplomatic onslaught has been prepared elsewhere.

THE BRITISH DELEGATION AT THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' CONFERENCE: With Mr. Selwyn Lloyd are, from the left: Sir Anthony Rumbold, Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office; Mr. Patrick Hancock, Head of the German Department of the Foreign Office; and Mr. John Price, Head of the Foreign Office News Department. They are seen at Geneva during a meeting with Mr. Herter at the American delegation's headquarters.

The real Russian priorities, it seems likely, differ greatly from those over which Mr. Gromyko made so much fuss at Geneva. They are, I suggest, in this order: the avoidance of an all-out nuclear war; the infiltration and exploitation—as part of the continuous processes of outflanking and weakening the West—of more and more of the "undeveloped" countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America; and finally, in the economic sphere, a more and more vigorously competitive co-existence. In this long-term strategy, Berlin, Germany and Western Europe as a whole are of dwindling significance. Indeed, even such tactical importance as is attached to them now is a matter more of bureaucratic habit than anything else, not unlike the habit which makes British politicians and officials talk about the need for overseas bases, which, in fact, have been obsolete for the past decade and more.

The avoidance of nuclear war seems of the greatest importance to the Russians—so important that they are willing to make real and substantial concessions to achieve it—because they prefer a living world in which Communism has a chance of attaining that total victory which the sacred books have foretold, rather than a dead, radioactive planet whirling, unpopulated and barren, on its course for destined centuries. Materialist as is their philosophy, with all its consequent cruelties, injustices and immoralities, the leaders of the Soviet Union, and their Chinese allies, have a genuine preference for life over death.

Marx and Lenin did not include the hydrogen bomb in their calculations, and it is useless to pretend that they did. Stalin, in old age, had to grapple with it, in all its implications, and from his own point of view, from 1949 onwards, he did not grapple too ineffectively. Who in the West fourteen years ago would have predicted the existing ratio of nuclear power between East and West? In one sense "the unique deterrent" had a much shorter life than was confidently prophesied for it. But by a curious paradox, as it lost its uniqueness, it retained its deterrent authority.

This was by no means fortuitous. Even in Stalin's last years, in spite of the iron political dictatorship which he exercised and its accompanying police terror, the Soviet Union was beginning to emerge from the long, hard winter of austerity in which, throughout the revolution and throughout the war, it had been enwrapped. Now the Russians' appetite for and capacity to turn out consumer goods and services on a scale admittedly not yet approaching those which are habitual to Americans but far in advance of, say, the Indians', are increasing steadily. A welfare-and-consumer society is developing, with real purchasing power graded a good deal more steeply than we would tolerate in the West, but cognisant, in itself, of huge, hitherto untapped markets—for television sets, for household gadgets, for family motor-cars, for clothes, for detergents, for what are rather quaintly described as "leisure pursuits" of all kinds, not excluding air-travel and foreign-bought luxuries.

To those accustomed, over many decades, to the idea—and it was for a long time a very true idea—of the grinding poverty and below subsistence-level existence of the ordinary Soviet citizen, all this comes as a shock. Are the Russians really getting all these consumer goods, and sensational advancements in nuclear physics and space travel as well? To a dyed-in-the-wool lackey of effete capitalism, such as myself, there was a certain wry fun to be derived from reading the accounts, in English newspapers, of the public relations spree arranged by Aeroflot, the Soviet Union's civil aviation system. As they were intended to, most of the reporters came away goggle-eyed.

Now a society such as this, and its leaders, may be ruthlessly expansionist, but it and they are animated—if that is the right word—by no neurotic death wish. The Russians may be suspicious, stubborn, credulous in thinking the worst of us always, and to that extent prisoners of their own ideology; but they are most unlikely to launch, or even to stumble into, a nuclear war. The truly perilous period was when we, in the West (war-battered as we thought ourselves), seemed to the Russians to have everything and they had nothing. But a materially satisfied society, or even a society which knows that it is moving rapidly along the road to material satisfaction, is not a death-dealer.

However, if the Soviet Union does not want and will not seek total war, the idea of real and lasting peace between the Communist and non-Communist halves of the world is only a little less nauseating to its leaders, but they must get what is to them—as it is to us—the real danger of nuclear war, and the disagreeable by-products of the processes of testing nuclear weapons, out of the way first. That is why Mr. Khrushchev, while permitting Mr. Gromyko and his large staff to dig in for a long, long conference at Geneva (last week their Foreign Ministry administration extended their complicated and costly communication arrangements in Switzerland for another month after June 8), has concentrated his attention and his exchange of letters with Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan on the theme of nuclear disarmament.

This is a tactical manœuvre executed in complete conformity with the strategic plan. Even about its conclusion the Russians have no particular need or desire to hurry—so long as the ascertainable level of Strontium 90 does not rise rapidly. But throughout all the protracted discussions at Geneva, and at any subsequent Summit conference, though Germany and Berlin may still appear to be high on the agenda, it is the possibility of ending hydrogen bomb tests which matters. If I may recur to that odious old sergeant: "'Old 'im with your left, Jimmy, and give it 'im with your right."

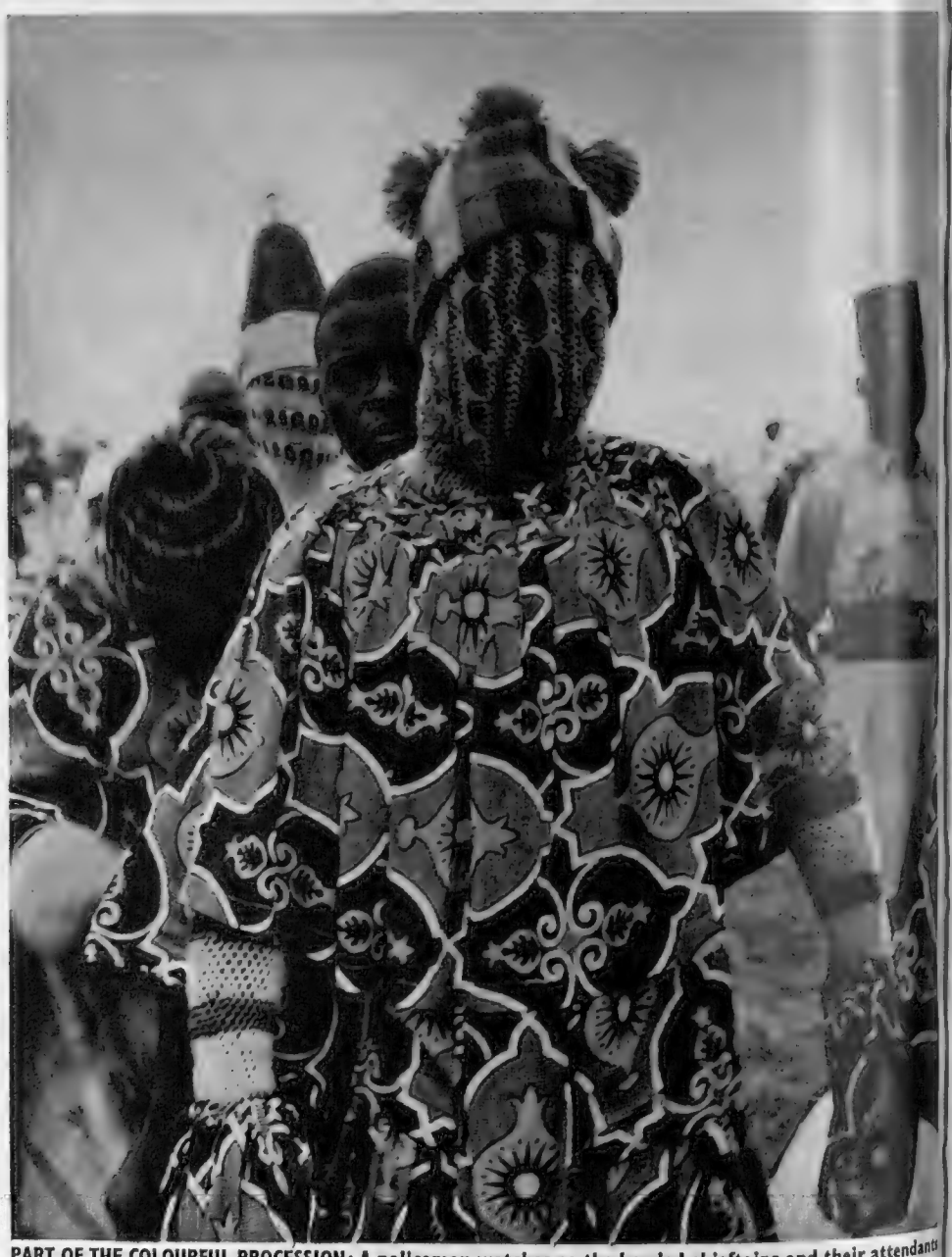
NATIVE FESTIVAL IN NIGERIA

Northern Nigeria Celebrates Its Self-Government with a Durbar

A DURBAR IN NORTHERN NIGERIA: From the Royal pavilion on Dakuna race-course, at Kaduna, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with Government officials and tribal chiefs, watch colourfully-dressed natives performing a dance. The Durbar formed part of the five-day celebrations of the granting two months ago of self-government for Northern Nigeria. The celebrations were delayed because of the Muslim festival of Ramadan, the Muslim faith predominating among the 18,000,000 population. The Durbar was a colourful and splendid spectacle, with 12,000 performers and 60,000 spectators. All the provinces of Northern Nigeria sent representative contingents. There were 3,000 horsemen giving daring and impressive displays of their skill. Dancers, musicians, jesters and acrobats enlivened the procession which filed past the Royal pavilion for more than three hours. Tribal chieftains, dressed in fantastic and weird costumes, were surrounded by scores of colourful attendants. The Duke of Gloucester said afterwards that the Durbar surpassed anything he had ever seen.

ONE OF THE DRUMMERS: Dressed in the white robes and head-dress of his people, a drummer from the Bolnu Province of Northern Nigeria sings as he beats out the rhythm.

HOODED CHIEFTAINS: The heads of the chiefs are completely hidden by their brightly-coloured and patterned hoods. Around them are some of their retainers, dressed in equally gay clothing but with their faces bare.



PART OF THE COLOURFUL PROCESSION: A policeman watches as the hooded chieftains and their attendants file past. After the Durbar, at a ceremony at Lugard Hall, in Kaduna, the Duke of Gloucester read a message from the Queen expressing her confidence in the future of Northern Nigeria.

A MUSICIAN FROM THE NORTH: An African of the Hausa tribe, which comes from the north of the country, plays on an instrument made from an animal's horn.

A CHEERFUL FAREWELL: Lightly dressed in thin cotton skirts, and each with a head-dress of a single feather, African boys from the south wave good-bye as the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester leave the children's pageant. *On left*—A native of the Plateau province blows on a wooden instrument. The celebrations of self-government were delayed for two months for the Muslim festival of Ramadan. Self-government was granted on March 15 and independence for the whole of Nigeria is due in 1960.

A SHOW OF STRENGTH: Looking fierce and almost medieval, mounted Sokoto warriors ride past in the procession. Their costumes consist of chainmail, plumed helmets, swords and multi-coloured cloaks. The horses are as brightly attired as their riders. There were 3,000 horsemen from the various provinces in the Durbar. One of the most impressive displays was by the polo-playing Katsina province contingent, while from Bauchi came three mounted women singers followed by a string of draped camels.

THE HABITS OF BIRDS

Some Observations on Bird Tables and Popular "Menus"; the Placing and Building of Nests

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WE have for long had a good reputation as a "pull-in" among the avian population of this neighbourhood. This, let me say, is something not easily achieved hereabouts, for the competition in bird-tables and bird-baths is very severe. I should doubt if there is a garden in the vicinity without both, and the decor of some of the bird-tables is very fetching; little thatched roofs and that sort of thing. Our bird-tables, on the other hand, are home-made, plain, rough-and-ready—one of them is an old ironing-board—and I am quite sure that our menus cannot compare for variety, nor, indeed, for quality, with those of some of our neighbours.

This year, it is true, we have raised the standard of our menus, for we have discovered, quite by accident (a stale packet in a little-used cupboard), that Bourbon biscuits—the biscuit part, not the sandwich—are a sure table-filler. On the days on which we serve Bourbon biscuits we have many more customers, including species which we do not normally see at our tables.

Among them are a cock hawfinch, a bird which has come for a bath on several occasions, but which has never before visited our tables (strictly speaking, he still does not: he is a picker-up of oddments knocked from it), and bullfinches which, though residents of the garden, have hitherto availed themselves only of the bathing facilities. Some fierce battles are fought for a seat at the feast. Even the two resident robins, who usually bully other birds away from their respective tables, giving way only to the starlings, do not have things all their own way and have to grab what they can as opportunity offers.

Until we discovered that stale packet of Bourbon biscuits, our menu was very ordinary; just bread-crusts, cheese-rinds, and an occasional bit of fat or, perhaps, a bone. And every now and again we scatter a packet of Canary Seed Mixture, a handful at a time, along the stone terrace. This is not the sort of fare likely to be exceptionally attractive to birds who are now so well educated that they have become "choosy." No, we hold our own (and a bit more) with the neighbouring avian cafés, because we have certain amenities to offer. There is a yew-cone hard by our No. 1 bird-table which is extremely popular with all our customers, for it forms a lounge in which they can wait while their meal is prepared and to which they can return for a short rest afterwards (or in the hope of a second helping) and our terrace is open and sunny, drying off quickly after rain. It affords a good view all round and obviously induces a feeling of security, for birds soon become very tame.

But, though we have always had a great many birds about the garden and at the bird-tables and at the bird-bath, our nesting birds have varied but little through the years either in numbers or in species. Robin, blue tit, coal tit, great tit, blackbird, song-thrush, mistle-thrush, chaffinch, greenfinch, bullfinch, hedge-sparrow and house-sparrow are the regular nesters: not in numbers, of course, because there is not room for them, though one year we did have two pairs of bullfinches nesting in the same hedge and but six yards or so from each other. Of the occasional nesters we have had nuthatch, tree-creeper, goldfinch, wren, spotted flycatcher, blackcap, pied wagtail and garden warbler. These, of course, have been spread out over the years. There is nothing in the least exceptional about this list; it is not one which could compare with many other gardens in this district.

But this spring has been exceptional: not because any unusual bird has nested with us, but because of the numbers that have nested. This has been so not only in our garden, but also in many of the neighbouring gardens. During the winter several people living in this area wrote to the papers, local and national, commenting upon the scarcity of birds—we noticed only a dearth of tits—and it does seem to be the case (it is, of course, very difficult to gauge this sort of thing accurately) that, though there has been something of an influx of nightingales, the common singing birds are still a good deal less common than usual in the countryside around. But that is certainly not the case with the suburban gardens: they are almost chock-a-block.

In our garden an old elder tree, so choked with ivy that it is in danger of falling down—it ought to have been cut down years ago, and has been kept only because it always holds a nest or two—has been turned into what is virtually a block of flats. I do not know how many birds are nesting in this old hulk (the cover is far too thick to find out), but there is a constant traffic of tits, sparrows and chaffinches, and there is certainly a thrush as well: there seem to be nests all the way up it and all the way round it. The fact of the matter is that there is this year a shortage of good building sites in the garden, and so nests have been built in all sorts of odd places.

A blackbird has built in a bamboo almost exactly opposite the front door. When we came to this house in the '30's there was a veritable forest of bamboos. We have gradually got rid of them (and it has been no mean task: the roots of an old bamboo are really a job for a bulldozer) and now there is just this one left. In all these years I have never known a bird to build in a bamboo. For a blackbird to do so is surely very exceptional, for it involves a change in building technique on the part of the bird.

Another blackbird built its nest in a Banksia rose against the wall of the house by the side of the loggia. This was built at just about my head height (6 ft.) and it meant that every time we used the garden door we passed within a foot or so of it. It seemed to us that this would involve too great a strain on the nerves of the bird and that she would desert, so we gave up using the garden door. She was left in peace. She laid one egg and then deserted just the same.

What is one to make of a blackbird? The gardener of a friend of mine in this neighbourhood picked up a pile of pea-sticks, carried them 80 yards to a border, set them down, and only then found, to his horror, that they contained a blackbird's nest and that the hen was still on the nest. He picked them up, carried them all the way back, replaced them in their original position, and the bird remained sitting all the time and has since brought off her brood. What is one to make of a blackbird? The one that deserted her nest in the Banksia proceeded to build another no more than two yards away in the Montana that grows all over the loggia. The new nest was so placed that, if we used the garden door, we passed directly beneath it and it would be a matter of 6 ins. or so above my head. This time we used the garden door—there did not seem to be any point in walking all round the house—and passed beneath her nest dozens of times a day. She never moved, bringing off her brood successfully.

But the oddest of all has been a chaffinch. She built her nest in a honeysuckle just outside the downstairs cloakroom window. When you think of it, this was really very inconsiderate. We gave the matter serious thought, but decided that she was asking too much of us. She would have to face up to the facts of life.

A BULLFINCH'S NEST: The picture by Eric Hosking shows five eggs in a well-protected position. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald reports that this year an exceptional number of birds of various species have nested in his garden.

PREPARING FOR A "ROYAL" BIRTH: A thrush made its nest and laid its eggs in this crown which was to be erected among the decorations in the Mall in London during the recent State visit of the Shah of Persia. However, the crown was not moved and the mother was left undisturbed to hatch the eggs.

This is the first time I have had the opportunity of watching the building of a nest from the very beginning. And what an exquisite thing is the nest of a chaffinch! Of course, it does not compare with that of a long-tailed tit. That is, beyond question, the most wonderful of all British nests, a triumph of the builder's art. It is shaped like a fir cone, broadest at the base, and it is made of lichens and moss woven together with fine wool, and made waterproof with the silk from spiders' webs. It is a domed nest, and about an inch from the top there is on one side a circular opening just about large enough to admit one's thumb with a bit of a squeeze. The interior is lined with a multitude of feathers, and must be delightfully warm and comfortable.

The long-tailed tit is more than a master-builder; she is also a magician. In this nest she lays about a dozen eggs, and she gets herself in as well. She has a tail about half-an-inch longer than her body, about 3 ins. of tail: there just does not seem to be room in the nest. And yet, when she comes out, her tail is never in the least crumpled. I would love to be able to see into the nest, to know what she does with her tail.

The chaffinch's nest is not domed, and does not take nearly so long to build. A long-tailed tit takes about three weeks to build her nest (a good deal of this time must be taken up in collecting the 2,000 or so feathers used in lining it): I do not know how long a chaffinch is supposed to take, but this one took five days, working like a beaver and receiving no assistance (but a good deal of encouragement) from her husband. She used grasses, fine roots, moss and wool, and she decorated the outside with lichens, neatly bound together with the silk from spiders' webs, and also two little bits of paper (originally the wrappings of chocolates), which were also held in place with spiders' silk. It took her most of a day to get these papers in positions to her liking: she was as fussy as a woman buying a hat, taking them off and putting them on in different positions time after time. In the end she was satisfied, and started laying.

Her behaviour changed immediately. She laid two eggs, and from the time the first one was laid she was on the nest for most of the day. It was as though she started incubating from the first egg. Hitherto she had not taken the slightest notice of us. But now, whenever we went into the cloakroom, she would raise her head—her neck reaching out like a telescope, and looking more and more snake-like as it did so—and fix us with a bright beady eye. You could almost hear her saying: "What, again?" Most embarrassing it was.

On the third day she could not put up with it any longer, and deserted. But she hung about the terrace for the whole of that day and the next, and was as tame as ever, turning up for tea, even perching on my shoe on one occasion and twice settling momentarily on the table. Evidently she did not object to us in the least, trusted us completely. (Her husband, always much more shy, would never come within a couple of yards.) On the third day after deserting she started to build again—in the already overcrowded tenement tree, taking over a site on what I imagine to be the second floor. She did something I have never known a bird to do before: she came time after time to her old nest to get material. The old nest is rather a wreck now. But the two tawdry little bits of chocolate paper remain: memorials to a bird who was, I feel, a little over-fussy.

THE CONVERSION OF A FORMER SUBURBAN AREA TO AN OFFICE ZONE: Dominating the centre of the picture is the head office building of the Mutual Life and Citizens' Assurance Company Limited, which has been erected on the heights of North Sydney, across the harbour from the city centre (in the background). The building, which cost £A4,500,000, contains 450,000 sq. ft. of floor space. It has fifteen floors. By the time this and another building had been completed in 1957, half a dozen other projects had been announced for the same area. Linking North Sydney with the centre of the capital city of New South Wales is the famous Harbour Bridge, which was opened in 1932. It has a central span of 1,650 ft. and is used by all types of vehicular traffic, including trains.

SYDNEY EXPANDS

Constructional Developments and Modernisation In and Around Australia's Largest City

A LINK WITH THE SUBURBS: Ferries ply regularly between Circular Quay, in Sydney Cove, and the harbour suburbs. Beyond the landing-stages is the new Circular Quay overhead roadway, which provides convenient access between the Harbour Bridge and the eastern suburbs. The 1700-ft.-long viaduct contains two elevated railway tracks and a four-lane roadway. It was opened last year.

IN Australia's cities more planning and building is going on than ever before. This is particularly evident in Sydney, the country's oldest and largest city, and capital of the State of New South Wales, where a number of development projects have been undertaken. In recent years, the demand for commercial space in the city's confined area on the south side of the harbour (Port Jackson) has led to some decentralisation of city offices. Two years ago Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, opened the first of a series of vast buildings which had been erected in North Sydney. This emphasised the new trend, the conversion of a former suburban area to a major office zone.

On the south side of the harbour, close to the centre of the city itself, one of the most important developments since the war has been the building of the overhead roadway, known as the Cahill Expressway. After the opening of the Harbour Bridge in 1932, an increasing volume of vehicular traffic was concentrated on the very restricted road system immediately south of the bridge. Traffic wanting to proceed from the bridge to the eastern suburbs had to traverse the city centre, and it soon became apparent that some relief was essential to alleviate the situation. As some 65,000 vehicles use the bridge each day it was, therefore, decided to proceed with the building of an overhead road in conjunction with the Circular Quay underground railway, a project which was designed to complete the " City Circle " by linking St. James and Wynyard Stations. The new road, which is, in fact, a viaduct, and which

(*Continued on following page*)

THE AUSTRALIAN HEAD OFFICE OF LEVER BROTHERS: Unilever House, standing on Bennelong Point, close to Circular Quay, and adjacent to the site of the new Opera House, was completed last year. The rail track running round the flat roof conveys a crane for operating a window-cleaners' gantry for cleaning and polishing the curtain walls of glass and aluminium. The building, which is a reinforced concrete structure, cost £A1,500,000.

SYDNEY EXPANDS

(*Continued from previous page*)

came into full use last year, provides for two elevated railway tracks and a superimposed four-lane roadway for a distance of 1,700 ft. Approximately 33 per cent. of all traffic over the bridge now makes use of the new road, thus relieving the main city streets of much of its severe congestion. Over the centre part of the Circular Quay Station the roadway widens to 81 ft. to form the roof, where it is 51 ft. above street-level and 26 ft. above the rail-level of the station.

Circular Quay itself is one of the busiest quarters of the city during rush-hour travel and at week-ends. It is at this point that the many ferries arrive and depart during their trips up and down the harbour. The quay actually forms part of Sydney Cove, where other major developments are under way. On one side, close to the bridge, work is in progress on the construction of a new passenger terminal to handle ships on the United Kingdom–Australia run. Across the quay are two modern office buildings in Macquarie Street, and the site of a former historic building on which is being constructed the tallest commercial building in Australia. On Bennelong Point, the eastern extremity of Sydney Cove, will rise Sydney's Opera House, which will contain two major halls as well as other smaller halls. A short distance away, at Garden Island, is the massive Captain Cook graving dock, which came into use during the last war.

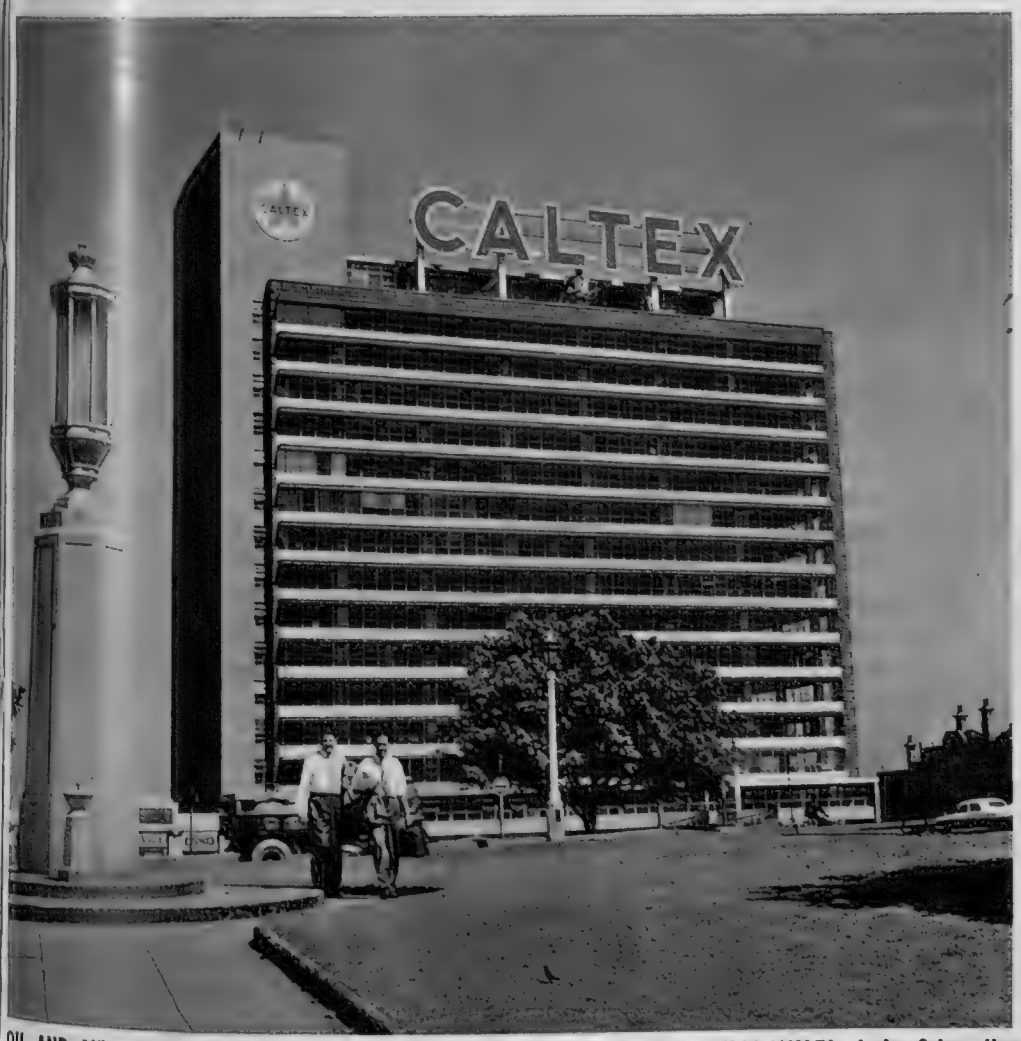
The pictures on these pages also show some of the other buildings which have been erected in recent months. Car-parking problems are being tackled by the erection of parking stations, and by the inclusion of garaging spaces in new office blocks. In the past few years there have been extensions to Sydney's underground railway system, and at present work is going ahead on the electrification of main line railways out of Sydney. In the city itself, as well as in the suburbs, more buses have replaced Government tram services. There are now little more than 300 trams in use compared with a maximum of more than 1,700 when they were at their peak. There are more than 1,300 Government buses in operation in and around Sydney.

Fifty miles west of the city work is in progress on another vast project which will have a direct relationship with Sydney. It is the giant Warragamba Dam, which is being built in the foothills of the Blue Mountains by the Metropolitan Water, Sewerage and Drainage Board to augment Sydney's water supply. Over 400 ft. high, it will be the tallest dam in the southern hemisphere.

ON THE ELEVATED ROADWAY: The picture was taken during the opening ceremony last year, when a procession of official cars made the first journey along the road which is known as the Cahill Expressway. The length of the road from Macquarie Street to Harrington Street is 1,700 ft., and the overall width on straight sections is 64 ft.

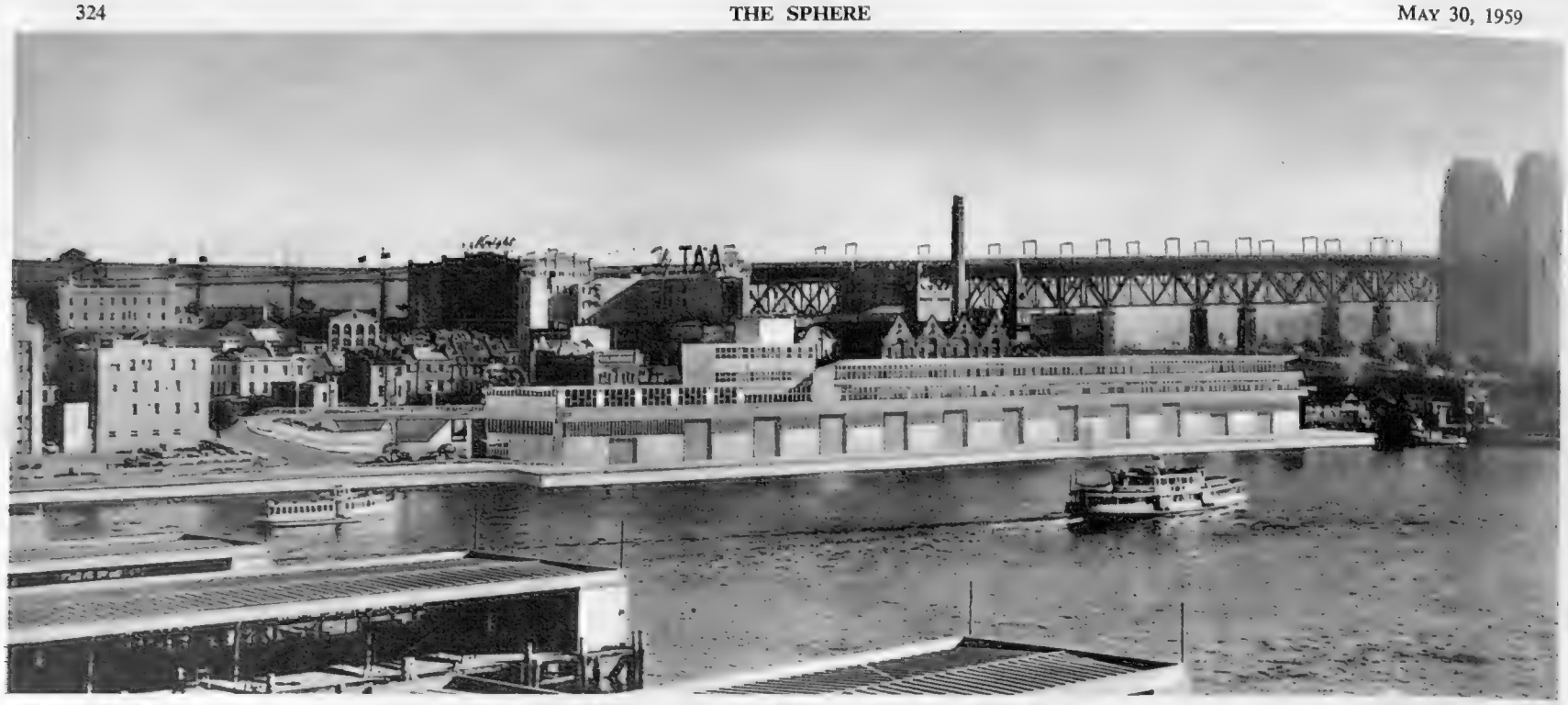
I.C.I. HOUSE: It was completed at the end of 1957 to contain the headquarters of the New South Wales administrative staff of Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand. The building, which cost £A1,250,000, has frontages to Circular Quay and Macquarie Street.

SOLVING THE CAR-PARKING PROBLEM: The Domain parking station consists of three inter-connecting and independent units, each of which can accommodate about 500 cars. The building measures 733 ft. by 220 ft. As the station nears completion, soil and turf are being laid on the roof of the concrete structure to re-form the park for public use. Dominating the skyline is St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral.



OIL AND AIR—OTHER NEW BUILDINGS IN THE STATE CAPITAL OF NEW SOUTH WALES: *Left*—Caltex House, head office of Caltex Oil (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., stands near the southern approaches to the Harbour Bridge. It rises to a height of more than 235 ft. and has twenty-one floors with three additional ones in the tower on the left. The building has accommodation for 2,000 people, and there is garaging space for 400 cars. *Right*—Qantas House is the headquarters building of Australia's round-the-world airline.

(*Further pictures on following page*)



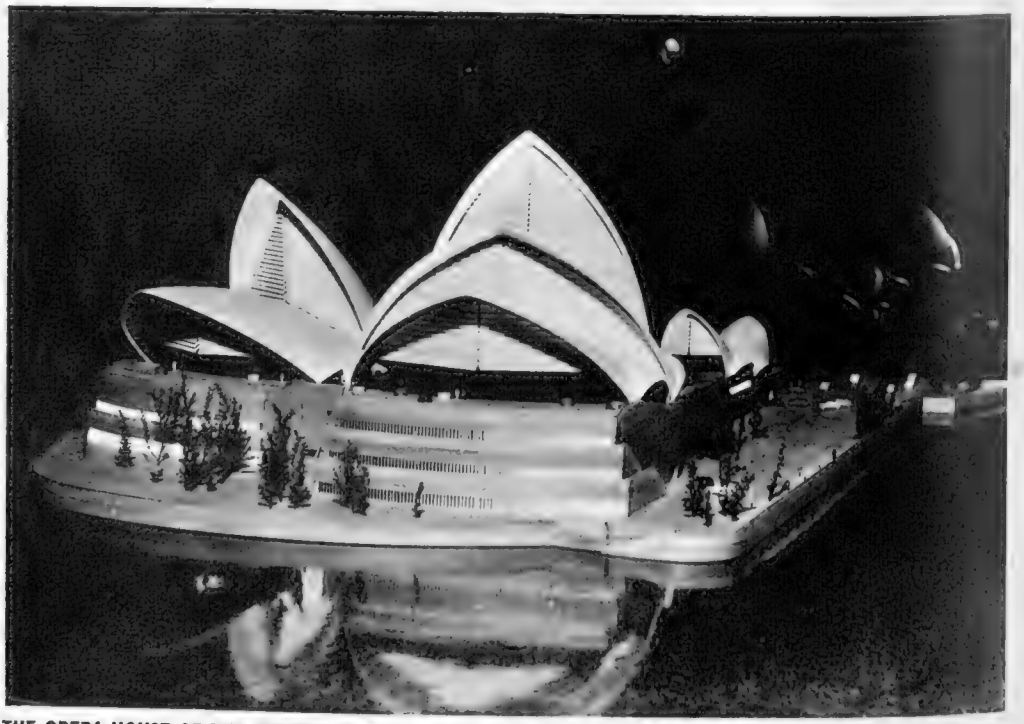
NEW PASSENGER TERMINAL ON SYDNEY HARBOUR: The artist's impression of the Maritime Services Board's new passenger terminal, has been superimposed on a photograph of the site at west Sydney Cove, close to the harbour bridge. The terminal will be completed in 1960 when it is anticipated that the Orient Company's 40,000 ton liner *Oriana* and the P & O Company's 45,000 ton liner *Canberra* will come into regular service on the United Kingdom-Australia run. It will be situated within 100 yards or so of all forms of public transport.

A STAINLESS STEEL ELECTRIC TRAIN: It is one of the multiple units operating on the New South Wales Government Railways out of Sydney. More of these trains will come into operation as electrification of the railways progresses.

SYDNEY EXPANDS

THE KENT STREET PARKING STATION: With 450 parking spaces, it is situated within half a mile of the centre of the business area of the city. It has nine floors and has been built of reinforced concrete on a site measuring 177 ft. by 100 ft. Usually, the station is filled to capacity shortly after nine a.m. It came into full operation in 1956.

ANZAC HOUSE: Opened in 1957, it combines the function of the State headquarters of the Returned Servicemen's League, and a club for ex-Servicemen. The building faces the War Memorial in Hyde Park, and the balconies provide a vantage-point for processions.



THE OPERA HOUSE OF THE FUTURE: The model is of the building which is to be erected on Bennelong Point. It includes a major hall to seat 2,800 for concerts, large-scale opera, ballet, pageants and mass meetings; a minor hall to accommodate 1,100; a chamber music hall, and an experimental theatre for amateur productions. The building will be roofed by a series of inter-locking shell vaults.

IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREMIER OF CUBA: While his staff answer the telephones on his desk, Fidel Castro leans against a filing cabinet in the background and places his arm on the shoulder of a colleague during a conversation. The Cuban Premier still wears the beard which he grew in the jungle in the days when he was building up his successful revolutionary movement.

REVOLUTIONARY PRIME MINISTER

Informality is the Keynote of Castro's Conduct of Cuban Affairs

THE BROTHERS CASTRO: Fidel, facing the camera, talks with his brother Raul, who wears a beret and has his long hair tied at the back of his neck. The brothers were the founders and inspiration of the revolutionary "Movement of July 26."

CONDUCT OF AFFAIRS OF STATE: The brothers Castro are in earnest conclave with a third man in the corner beyond the Prime Minister's chair and desk. *On right*—Sitting on the arm of a couch Fidel Castro discusses documents with a close associate.

MORE IMPORTANT THAN CABINET BUSINESS: The Prime Minister has gone out from a meeting of Ministers for a talk with a school-teacher.

HAVING led a revolution to a successful conclusion, Fidel Castro now seems to be carrying out a further revolution—in the manner in which affairs of state are conducted. Those brought up in the traditional formality of Downing Street, with its endless flow of despatch-boxes of various colours and its quiet, unflurried routine, would probably feel singularly out of place in the office of the Prime Minister in Havana. Informality and the personal touch are the order of the day.

Desk work and the set, prearranged interview are anathema to the Head of Government. Castro prefers to "go into a huddle" in a corner of his own or any other office with his colleagues to discuss urgent matters. Indeed one might be forgiven for imagining that they are still under the impression they are "conspirators" and not the recognised authority of their country. This is a false assumption, for the Premier welcomes all sorts and conditions of people to this form of conversation. He has made himself accessible to anyone wishing to see him. Sometimes he will interrupt a Cabinet meeting to go outside and listen to the requests of someone who has called casually for an interview.

Such is the "image," as the modern propaganda experts call it, which has been created by the man who, early this year, made such an impact on the Latin-American world. But there is no stage management. His behaviour is sincere and genuine and in accordance with his past history.

Fidel Castro is young, even for the leader of a revolution. He was born in 1927 in a country district, the son of a wealthy sugar planter. He was educated at Jesuit schools and took his degree in law at Havana University. He practised among the poorest classes and on the establishment of the Batista dictatorship in 1952 became a most outspoken critic of it. Within a few months he and his brother Raul determined to overthrow Batista. On July 26, 1953, the brothers led a band of about 160 young men against the military barracks in Santiago de Cuba. The attackers were heavily outnumbered, half their force were killed and most of the remainder were taken prisoner, among them the Castro brothers. Both received sentences of fifteen years' imprisonment but were amnestied in little less than a year and went into exile.

Three years later—in December 1956—the Castros made their next attempt, returning from exile and landing on the Cuban coast with a band of eighty men. Their plans had been betrayed and all but twelve of the invaders were wiped out by Government forces awaiting them. Castro and Raul were two of the survivors. They took to the hills in the remote jungle country and there began to build up the "Movement of July 26."

At first they were regarded as a joke by the Batista Government, but the number of the Fidelista grew steadily, and their tactics, modelled on those of the French maquis, met with increasing success. Last year the outside world became aware of the serious threat to the corrupt Batista regime. At the beginning of this year, the Fidelista were strong enough to mount large-scale operations and come down from the mountains. Batista soon fled the country.

Fidel Castro made a triumphal progress through the island and was acclaimed in Havana. At first he declared he had no wish to participate in the Government. But soon he assumed the office of Prime Minister. Some of his conduct has been open to question, notably perhaps the spectacular mass trials of alleged Batista followers. Accusations that he is a Communist sympathiser he has stoutly denied. He is, in fact, a devout Roman Catholic. He also refutes charges that he intends to interfere in the internal affairs of other Latin-American countries. Still wearing the beard which he grew in the jungle and the battledress of the Fidelista, he undoubtedly symbolises for many of his fellow-countrymen revolution which has brought hope of a better future.

A MAJOR STEP IN URBAN PLANNING

Proposals to Rebuild the Barbican Area, in the City of London, as a Residential Precinct

REDEVELOPMENT OF THE BARBICAN AREA, IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The model shows the various features of the scheme, providing flats and houses for about 6,000 people on the 35 war-damaged acres. Extreme left are 18-storey office blocks and, right background, 35- to 37-storey blocks of flats. The square (foreground) contains flats, maisonettes and 3-storied houses surrounding lawns and water-gardens.

A PLANNED RESIDENTIAL PRECINCT: The blocks of flats (right) have an external latticework of polished, pre-cast, reinforced concrete members. The domed building, centre right, is the Music School of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. In front is a pedestrian causeway over a viaduct. The church (centre) is St. Giles' and the building between it and the Music School is the City of London School for Girls.

***Above*—A PATTERN OF URBAN LIVING: In the right foreground is the new Route 11, meeting (centre) Aldersgate. The squares left and right and behind the polygonal towers are flats, maisonettes and houses raised above ground-level on the podium system; this allows pedestrians and traffic to move on separate levels.**

At the week-end the cavernous streets of the City of London are lonely and deserted; few people are to be seen, as the workers in the many offices live not in the neighbourhood, but often in the far reaches of London's sprawling suburbia. Not since Dickens' time has any considerable part of the City been used for residential use. In the last hundred years the number of residents has fallen from 100,000 to 5,000. The 35 acres to the south and north of Barbican are largely derelict after extensive devastation during the war.

Last Thursday a revised and detailed plan for the redevelopment of the Barbican area as a residential precinct, incorporating the City of London School for Girls, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, an art centre including a theatre, and recreational facilities, was submitted to the Court of Common Council. It was prepared by Chamberlin, Powell and Bon on the instructions of the Barbican Committee. At the time of writing, it was not known whether the Court would approve the scheme in principle. But according to the Chairman of the Barbican Committee the atmosphere was definitely more healthy. At last it seems possible that something may be done. The architects first submitted a Barbican scheme in 1956.

Basically, the proposals are that all buildings still existing south of Barbican and most of those north of Barbican should be demolished. The Underground

On right—A "BOLD, IMAGINATIVE CONCEPT": The use of high towers of flats, dwellings raised on podia, and careful planning would enable people to live in a spacious precinct. Centre background is a semi-circle of four storeys of maisonettes above the podium, with shops below. The space forms an amphitheatre.

railway between Moorgate and Aldersgate stations should be straightened and covered in. In order to separate pedestrian and vehicle traffic on different levels, the podium system planned around the base of buildings on Route 11 should be extended throughout the scheme. Pavements are to be raised about 20 ft. and the area below utilised for garages and commercial purposes. In order to achieve a high density of population (for financial reasons, among others), flats are to be built mostly in six-storey blocks or in three thirty-seven-storey towers.

The new schools, theatre and concert hall are integrated into the scheme. By planning the sites of the blocks, much open space can be laid out in the form of gardens, lakes and terraces. Since heavy traffic either runs round the area or through a covered way, the Barbican will acquire the quiet of some of London's out-of-the-way squares. Little or no provision has been made in the central areas of London for the middle- to higher-income groups; therefore the dwellings in the Barbican are planned for these people; rents would range from about £300 to £600.

It is estimated that the capital cost of the whole development south of Barbican and of roughly the first half of that north of Barbican will be about £20,000,000. The architects urge the necessity of an early completion of the project—in seven years from the approval of the plans.

CONSTRUCTION WORK ON A NEW ITALIAN LINER: The work of fitting-out the *Leonardo da Vinci* is continuing steadily at a berth at the Ansaldo Shipyard in Genoa. It is expected that the vessel will be ready to enter service early next year. The largest liner to be built in Italy since the war, she will be employed by her owners, the "Italia" Lines, on the Mediterranean to North America route. With a length of 765 ft., she has a gross tonnage of 32,000. Her steam turbine engines, developing 35,000 h.p., give a fully-loaded speed of 23 knots, and with a half-load she will sail at 25·3 knots. The *Leonardo da Vinci* has accommodation for 1,300 passengers in 521 cabins of three classes. Her crew will number 600. There will be three swimming-pools, one for each class, and a children's pool. Her superstructure includes eleven decks.

PASSENGER SHIPS FOR EUROPE

Liners Under Construction in Italy, Britain and Holland. A Dry-Dock Goes to Holland

POWERFUL PROPELLING MACHINERY: Two of the enormous boilers of the *Leonardo da Vinci* are on the quayside at Genoa before being hoisted on board. There are four main boilers, each weighing about 90 tons.

On left—

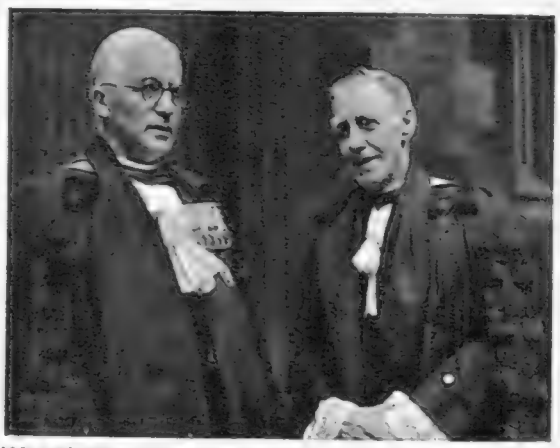
AN EX-ADMIRALTY FLOATING DRY-DOCK: Three powerful Dutch tugs tow the former Royal Navy floating dock No. 11 in the North Sea off the Netherlands. It was being taken from Portsmouth to Rotterdam. While it was passing through the Hook of Holland-Rotterdam Canal all shipping traffic was stopped. The trip took three days. The dock, believed to be the largest of its kind in the world, was sold by the Admiralty to the Rotterdam Drydock Company, an expanding Dutch ship-repairing firm. It will be used for work on the larger tankers now in service and on big liners. The floating dock can accommodate ships of up to 54,000 tons gross.

THE BUILDING OF A LINER IS DELAYED BY A STRIKE: The *Windsor Castle* is on the stocks at the Birkenhead shipyard of Cammell Laird and Sons, who are building her for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company Limited. *On right*—The new liner is seen from above the forepeak, her stern pointing out into the Mersey. The *Windsor Castle* is due to be launched by the Queen Mother on June 23, but construction has been held up by a demarcation dispute between members of shipbuilding trade unions, resulting in a strike of almost 2,000 men and the consequent laying-off of many others. The largest vessel to be built in the United Kingdom since the *Queen Elizabeth*, the new Union-Castle flagship will have a gross tonnage of 38,000. She will have an overall length of 783 ft., a moulded breadth of 92 ft., and when fully loaded will draw 32 ft. of water. High-pressure steam turbines, driving twin screws, will develop 45,000 h.p., giving a cruising speed of 23 knots. She has accommodation for 250 first-class and 600 tourist-class passengers.

On left—

A NEW DUTCH PASSENGER SHIP: The M.V. *Koningin Wilhelmina* is under construction at the "De Merwede" shipyard at Hardinxveld, in Holland, for the Zeeland Steamship Company. She is due to be launched to-day (May 30) by Princess Wilhelmina, and will enter service on the Hook of Holland–Harwich route some time early next year. Nearly 400 ft. long, the liner is powered by two MAN engines, each rated at 7,800 h.p., which will give her a cruising speed of 23½ knots. She is to replace a steamship at present on service on the route, so that the company will have three motor-vessels making the voyage to and from Harwich. Two ships make the 6½-hour passage every day, one in each direction. The company runs a third vessel, normally held in reserve, during the summer months.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: In this general view taken inside Edinburgh's Assembly Hall, the Lord High Commissioner, the Earl of Weymss, who attends the meeting as the Queen's representative, is seen addressing the Assembly from the Throne Gallery. On the right of Lord Weymss is the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Ian A. Johnson-Gilbert; and on his left are Mr. William Grant, Q.C., Solicitor-General; the Rev. R. W. Y. Selby Wright, Chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner, and Lady Weymss. **In the main body of the Hall are the representatives of the Church with a number of civic dignitaries.** As well as a service at St. Giles' the opening ceremonies of the Assembly included the reading of the message from the Queen, the address by the Lord High Commissioner and the installation of the new Moderator. This year, the Moderator is Dr. R. H. W. Shepherd. After the ceremonies were over the Assembly began their lengthy discussions on Church matters by dealing with a report from the General Finance Committee. Subsequently, they were to discuss the "Bishops' Report" which deals with relations with the Church of England. This is the third successive year that the Assembly has discussed this controversial issue.



MODERATORS PAST AND PRESENT: The retiring Moderator, the Very Rev. Dr. John A. Fraser (left), is seen with his successor, the Right Rev. R. H. W. Shepherd, who has been a missionary in Africa for forty years. The Moderator holds office for one year and presides at the Assembly. *On right*—The Lord High Commissioner, the Earl of Weymss (third from right), leads a procession from the Assembly Hall. Lady Weymss is walking with the Lord Provost. During the inaugural ceremonies the Lord High Commissioner attended a special service at St. Giles' Cathedral.

SCOTTISH CHURCHMEN MEET IN EDINBURGH

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

AUTOMATION IN THE BREWERIES

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN one is talking about highly-mechanised industries, brewing is not a business that comes readily to mind. The ordinary man thinks of beer, quite rightly, as a natural product produced by a traditional craft, and brewers are most jealous of that reputation. Yet in fact there are few industrial establishments one can visit that employ more equipment and less men than most departments of a brewery. It is not a matter of saving labour: it is simply that one cannot handle a liquid, and that brewing is mostly concerned with processing huge quantities of a liquid that has to be kept pure enough for eventual human consumption. The brewer never touches the product upon which he exercises his traditional art; it is his trained judgment that comes into play to control its conditioning in a succession of vast containers and vessels.

But the heart of beer does not begin as a liquid. One of the most recent applications of automation to this highly-capitalised industry has been in one of the stages before the Burton water comes in: in malting, a process where, ordinarily, manual operations do play a part. But here, too, automation has not been introduced to save labour. Its purpose is to make more continuous and more economical use of the huge capital investment embodied in a brewery.

Malt has a much more important (and much more palatable) meaning than the sticky brown stuff mothers used to spoon out of a large brown jar to give to growing boys, and no doubt still do. It is the principal ingredient in the manufacture of beer, barley that has been caused to germinate under controlled conditions for a controlled period. The grains of barley are encouraged to "grow" faster, producing an enzyme known as diastase that will convert the starch of the grain into sugar at a later stage; then the process is arrested by drying the malt, as the barley has now become.

Control of the conditions under which this process of germination takes place is vital to the brewing of good beer; mankind has had plenty of practice over the centuries. First, the cleaned and graded grain is steeped in water for 50 or 60 hours; then, in the traditional process, it is spread out to begin germinating on malting floors. This takes some days; during the period, the germinating grain is constantly being turned and moved from one end of the floor to the other by skilled men using specially-made wooden shovels, releasing the heat that is generated in the growing grains. When germination is far enough advanced, the barley is moved to a kiln that dries and "cures" the malt.

Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, of Burton-on-Trent, perhaps the most famous of Britain's "national brewers," has now had in commission for about a year a wholly different technique of malting. Brewing is a business that has drawn upon all the advice that it can gain from the technologist and the laboratories for many years, but which introduces major changes into its basic processes with intense caution, determined not to lose the nuances that its old craft commands. And Bass in particular is a beer whose customers pride themselves on being expert; the company cannot afford to make big changes lightly, or in any way that would disturb the essential flavour and quality of its product.

Drum malting, a technique by which the barley germinates in large enclosed drums rather than on the traditional malting floor, is not entirely new; it was devised before the turn of the century, and can be seen in various maltings in Britain and abroad (one malt distillery in Scotland employs it, for example, though distillers are inclined to dispute about its virtues). Bass has possessed one "pneumatic Galland" drum malting since 1902, making excellent malt. But the plant that it put into operation last year, the largest of its kind in the world, has refined drum malting with complete mechanical handling and instrumentation that gives the maltster "fingertip control" over the process, with a certainty impossible in traditional malting.

The new plant was installed in one of the company's existing malting buildings at Shobnall, near Burton-on-Trent. Dried and screened barley is delivered into silos, then transferred through an automatic weigher into bins that hold the exact amount for steeping—fifty-five quarters of barley to each of eight cisterns. After being steeped with water for something over two days, the grain is pumped along to the ten drums that take the place of the traditional malting floor. Here it spends its week of germination under carefully controlled conditions; cold air can be pumped in to help control the temperature, while the men with wooden shovels are replaced by electric motors that turn the whole drum about once every twelve hours to keep the process of germination uniform throughout the grain. On the average, the grain will spend about nine days in the drum; finally, it is unloaded through doors at the bottom on to a conveyor-belt that takes it to the kilns, vast rooms of which the floor is perforated to pass the heat from fires below.

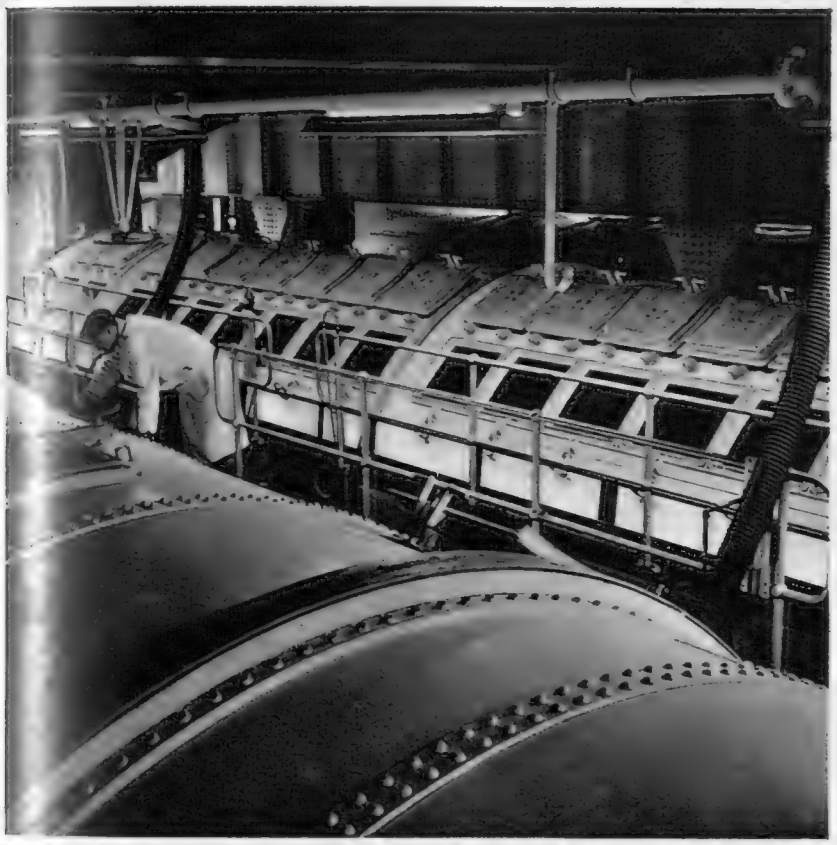
Mechanical turning equipment travels the length of the floor of the kiln, periodically shifting the hot grain; another piece of automatic equipment, a screw "stripper," is used finally to discharge the malt into storage for eventual delivery to the brewing plant. Bass considered using oil-firing for the kilns, but eventually turned it down because it seemed slightly to change the taste; so the kilns at the new plant are still fired by open "braziers" of anthracite.

The whole of this new plant, which can handle as much grain as several floor maltings of the old type, is controlled from a central control "deck." With its instruments and steel grid flooring, this has something of the air of a ship's engine-room, and the Maltster's Office at the end of it, complete with a brass ship's clock, is a faithful copy of a ship's wheelhouse. Lord Gretton, the director who was mainly responsible for the design and erection of the new plant, has a taste for the nautical. The new drum malting plant, with its closely controlled conditions, is independent of the weather that restricts traditional floor malting to the eight colder months of the year: it can supply the brewery with malt in a constant flow throughout the whole twelve months. This means a much fuller utilisation of the capital tied up in malting plant; it reduces the amount of grain that has to be held in storage to keep the brewery going, which releases "working capital." Automation here is brought in to save capital, rather than to save labour.

"Continuous" malting is one of the advances in the brewery industry to-day; there is talk of continuous fermentation among its research men. This is to-day an industry mainly engaged in large-scale batch processes. It ties up capital not only in the brewing processes themselves, but in specialised transport, cooperage, bottling plants, and its own retail outlets, the public houses themselves which probably account for three-quarters of the whole investment of the industry. No other business is integrated from producer to customer to the same degree, and in few others do companies have as much fixed and immovable capital at risk, subject to vagaries of public taste and shifts in the geographical pattern of population.

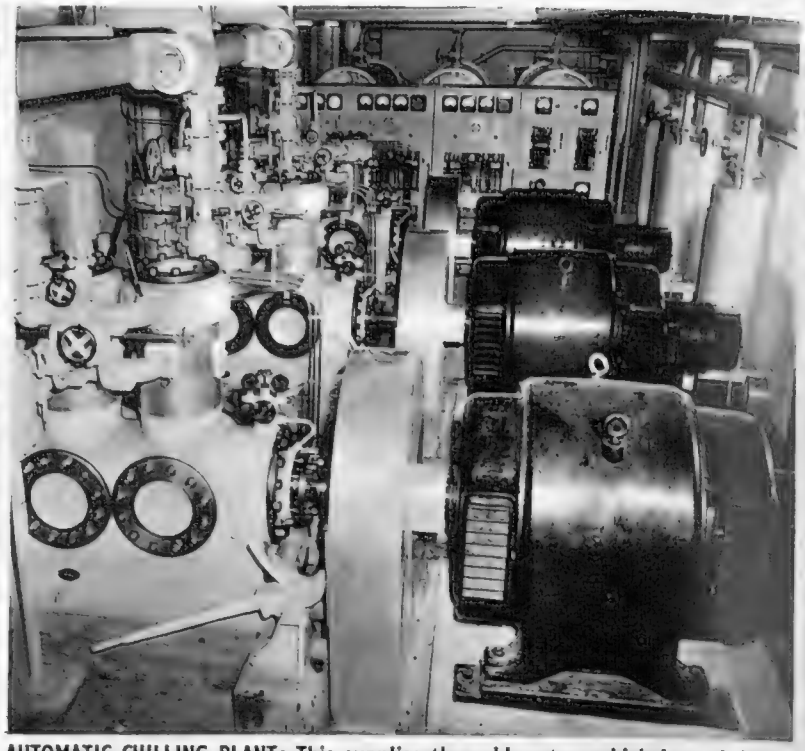
Bass is one of the few examples of brewers whose product is of such outstanding quality that it can command a market throughout thousands of other brewers' licensed houses as well as its own. It is less committed to its own retail network than most brewers, and on occasion has its beer bottled in other firms' bottling stores. Bass is sold in bottle and on draught, in other companies' pubs as well as its own (the national proportions of beer sales are 60 per cent. draught, 40 per cent. bottled and canned). The company brews between one and two million barrels of ale a year, and often has 200,000 barrels in stock at its Burton premises (which cover some 750 acres); it often despatches more than 7,000 casks a day. Under its red triangle, which has the honour of being number one on the national register of trademarks, it supplies the beer connoisseur with the traditional Bass, a strong ale that completes its maturing in the bottle; under the blue triangle, the same ale is completely matured before bottling. It spends about a million pounds a year on transport, and acts as the unpaid tax collector of several million a year for the Inland Revenue. The British taste for beer is one of the strongest fortifications of the revenue. But even a fortification can be strained too far, as the Chancellor recognised in this year's Budget—when, among other things, he took 1d. off the price of a bottle of Bass.

(*Further pictures on following page*)



BASS'S BOX DRUM PLANT AT SHOBNALL, NEAR BURTON-ON-TRENT: *Left*—In an automatically-controlled process, the barley is pumped into the drums from the cisterns where the grain is steeped. *Right*—The grain pours into one of the drums. The new method replaces the malting floor which is traditionally used; inside the ten drums, the barley undergoes a week of germination until it becomes malt. Electric motors turn the cylinders once every twelve hours or so to ensure that the germination is kept uniform.

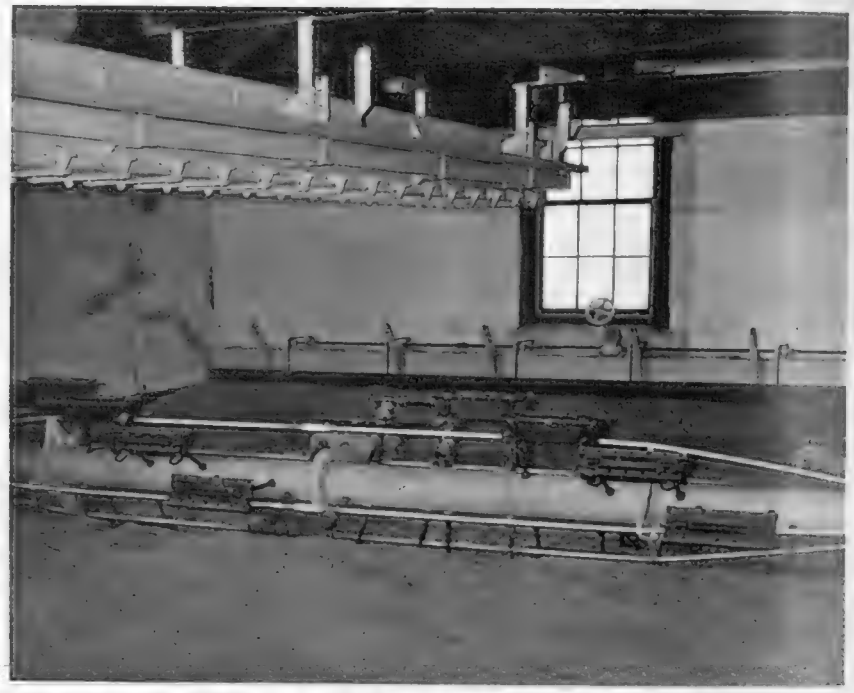
OPERATIONS CENTRE: At the plant of Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, at Shrobnall, near Burton-on-Trent, the control desk is placed in the centre of the drum room. In the background is the Maltster's office. The new drum malting plant supplies a constant flow of malt throughout the year. Traditionally, germination is only carried out in the cooler months.



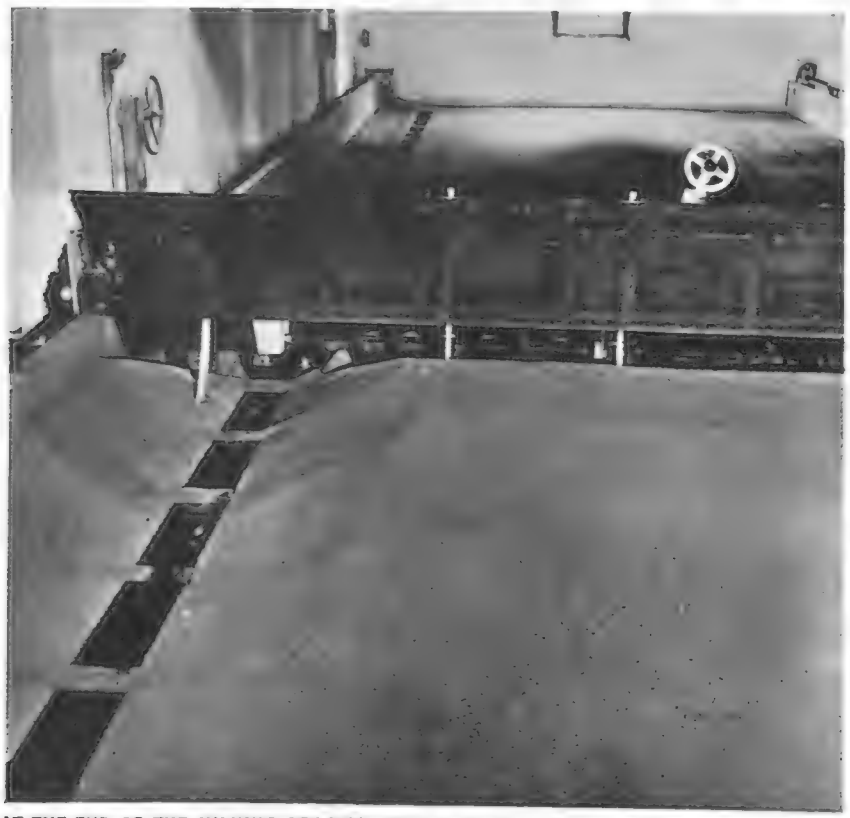
AUTOMATIC CHILLING PLANT: This supplies the cold water, which is used during the summer in the sprays of the air-conditioning equipment. Controlled conditions of germination enable the plant to be in continuous operation.

AUTOMATION IN THE BREWERIES

PREPARING TO DRY THE GREEN MALT: A short belt conveyor is used to load the grain into the kiln after it has passed its period of germination. The conveyor is suspended on a swivel mounting, designed to spread the malt evenly over the floor.



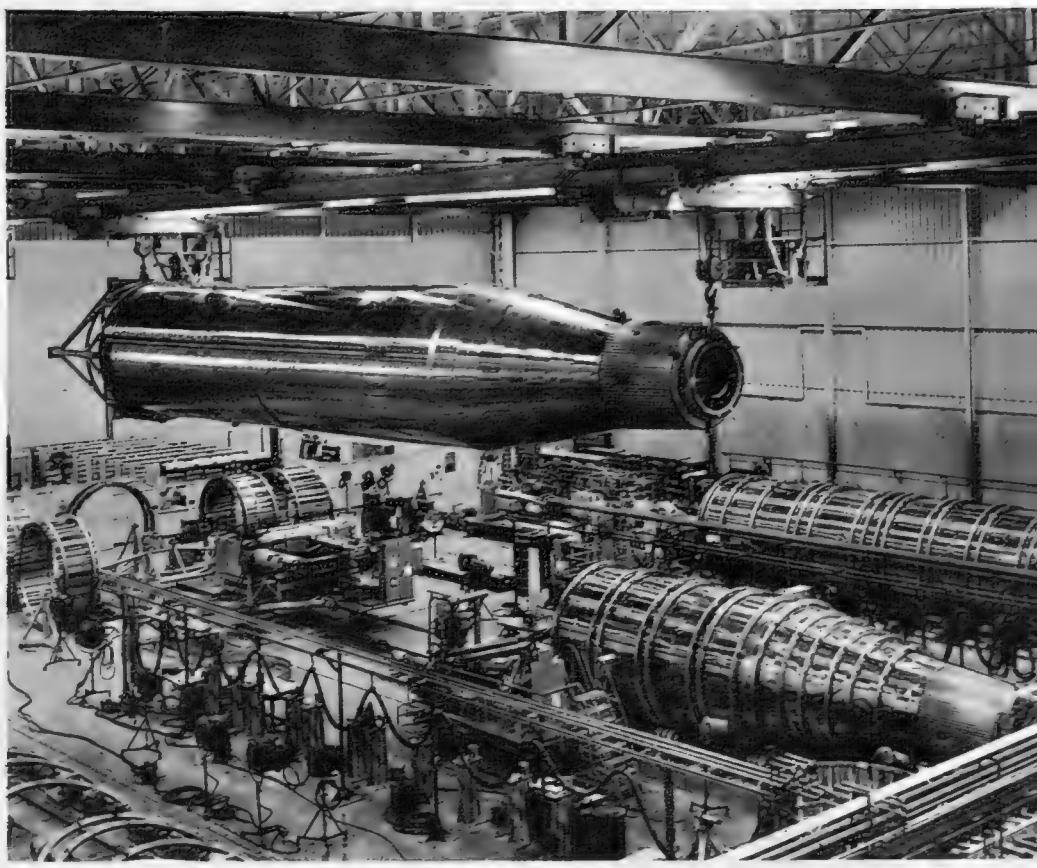
A MACHINE AT WORK IN THE DRYING KILN: The malt is turned at intervals by a mechanical turner, travelling the whole length of the kiln floor. Underneath the finely-perforated bottom of the kiln are placed the open "braziers" of anthracite.



AT THE END OF THE KILNING PROCESS: Malt is discharged by the Kiln Stripper. Background is the already-cleared part of the floor. The malt is then stored for delivery to the brewing plant. All the processes have automatic "finger-tip" control.

AN EARLY PART OF THE MALT PROCESS: In the steeping-room at the plant are eight cisterns, each of which holds 55 quarters of barley. The grain is automatically weighed and is then steeped for about two days before it is pumped into the drums.

STEEL FOR THE WALLS OF THE ATLAS MISSILE: At the San Diego, California, factory of Convair (Astronautics) Division of the General Dynamics Corporation, stainless steel, not much thicker than heavy metal foil, is unrolled.



THE THIN STEEL WALLS OF THE ATLAS MISSILE

Construction of the U.S. Air Force Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile takes place in sections of circular bands of thin cold-rolled steel, each section being welded edge over edge to its neighbours. *Above*, a completed tank, or main body, 60 ft. long and, at its widest, 10 ft. in diameter, is being moved by cranes from the tank-manufacturing area to the final-assembly section. All supports used during the construction stages have been removed and the tank is pressurised to enable it to retain its shape and to provide rigidity. Below, tanks in the process of being assembled still have round them the supporting rings. The tank is separated into compartments inside by bulkheads. There are no stiffeners or internal framework. The walls of the tank are no thicker at their strongest point than 0·04 in.; yet the pressure inside and toughness of the special steel give it a minimum tensile strength of 200,000 lb. per sq. in. The helium gas used in pressurising performs another role, being used to help the flow of propellent fuel to the rocket engines. The fuel, petroleum and liquid oxygen, is housed in two compartments formed by the walls and the bulkheads. In the final-assembly area the propulsion section will be fitted to the tank, and the control, guidance, telemetry, power supply, tracking, and other systems, will be added.

RAILWAY TUNNELLING

The picture shows the construction of one of three new tunnels between Greenwood and Potters Bar on the Great Northern Line of the Eastern Region of British Railways. They form part of the Region's £3,000,000 widening scheme on the East Coast main line on the Hertford/Middlesex borders, where the original two tracks have been increased to four over an area of 2½ miles, in order to relieve the bottleneck of trains running in and out of King's Cross. Two stations have been rebuilt. In the construction of the tunnels two specially-designed tunnelling shields were fitted with hydraulically-operated erector arms for lifting the concrete slabs in position. As the shield was pushed forward the excavated soil was carried away by a conveyor belt. Charles Brand Ltd. and Joseph Westwood Ltd. were associated with the tunnelling.

On right—

A HUGE CRANE

The 250-ft.-long bridge of the Goliath crane, said to be the largest in the world, has just hoisted itself into position 235 ft. above the ground. It is at Hinkley Point, in Somerset, at the site of the atomic power station now being built by the English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Group. When completed, the crane, designed and built by Babcock and Wilcox, will straddle the 180-ft.-high reactor buildings to carry major items of equipment from the site fabrication area. With a maximum capacity of 650 tons, the crane will help in the huge task of constructing the two 250-mW. reactors with their twelve 90-ft.-high steam-raising units. The delicate operation of getting the bridge into its final position, achieved with its own hoisting gears, took a little over an hour.

ABOVE THE SITE OF NERO'S GARDENS IN ROME: The Borgo S. Spirito runs to St. Peter's and the Vatican. In the vaults below the street the remains of Nero's Gardens are now being excavated.

A VERY REWARDING DIG: Lights illuminate the vaults of the hospital of Santo Spirito. The first traces of Nero's Gardens were found here by chance. The site extends below the Church of Santo Spirito in Sassio, which was founded by King Ina of Wessex for Saxon pilgrims to Rome in the early part of the eighth century.

RECONSTRUCTING THE SPLENDOUR OF ANCIENT ROME: Professor Pietro de Angelis (wearing spectacles), of the Lancisiana Library, and one of his assistants examine a drawing reconstructing the gardens, which included a villa and amphitheatre. On the mosaic pavement stand recently discovered earthenware jars.

"THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME"

Important Archæological Discoveries in Italy, Norway and Britain

After the great fire of Rome in A.D. 64, Nero decided to rebuild the city on a regular plan. His boast in his alleged last words, "what an artist is lost in me," was not without justification. He had bold and imaginative architectural ideas and intended the new Rome to be a monument to the Imperial greatness of himself and his successors. The Gardens were part of his plan. Traces of them have only recently come to light. Workmen in the vaults below the Hospital di Santo Spirito, the present building of which dates from around 1470, came upon the remains of an ancient wall. Experts were called in and started investigations and diggings. Enough has now been discovered for some idea of the scope of Nero's Gardens to be envisaged. Apparently they stretched from the banks of the Tiber over a site on which now stand the hospital and the Church of Santo Spirito in Sassio, to the base of the Vatican Hill. The grounds probably included a vast colonnaded amphitheatre for games and spectacles, a villa and a number of temples, with a surround of tree-lined walks. The excavations are being directed by the Office of the Superintendent of Antiquities in Rome.

BRICKWORK: The markings indicate that they were manufactured at a later date than the reign of Nero.

A VARIED PATTERN ON THE FLOOR: A brush cleans the stones of a mosaic, which may have been part of the villa. The gardens, a part of Nero's town planning, probably ran from the banks of the Tiber to the base of the hill on which the Vatican now stands.

PLANNING THE NEXT STAGE IN THE EXCAVATIONS: Archæologists examine the walls of the vaults to decide the most promising lines for the next series of diggings. The work so far has produced many valuable finds, including pottery, sculpture and frescoes.

A SUBSTANCE TO A LEGEND ? The base of a statue is cleaned at Pratica di Mare, a village near the coast, twenty miles from Rome. The statue is one of a number of finds made recently in the village, which stands on the site of the ancient city of Lavinium. According to legend its founder was Æneas, the "Father" of Rome. Virgil tells us that the amorous Trojan, having dallied with Dido in Carthage and driven her to suicide by leaving her, sailed to the shores of Italy. Landing in Latium he at once set about wooing Lavinia, the daughter of King Latinus, and obtained her hand in marriage. In her honour Æneas built a city and named it Lavinium. Archæologists hope that the current excavations may throw some new light on the Æneid story.

On left—

FITTING THE PIECES OF A PUZZLE: An archæologist examines a head to see if it belongs to the torso which has been pieced together. The foot in the foreground may also be part of the puzzle. The indications are that this statue may have been a likeness of a goddess.

IN AN EXCELLENT STATE OF PRESERVATION: The young boy shows singular lack of respect as he fingers the nose of the head of a statuette. All three of these heads which have only recently been excavated at Pratica di Mare are excellently preserved.

A 1,800-YEAR-OLD KETTLE: The bronze vessel was lately unearthed in a village near Sarpsborg, in the southern extremity of Norway. Below it on the left-hand side are an ancient tinder stone and a hone. All were dug up in a garden in an area in which a number of important archæological finds have been made recently. Experts consider that the kettle may be work in the Roman style of about A.D. 200. This speculation raises the interesting point as to how it can have reached this particular site. It is improbable that the Romans ever reached Norway, which was in the realm which their geographers labelled as *Ultima Thule*. Possibly the kettle was picked up by an early Norseman sailing on a raiding expedition to the coasts of Germany or Gaul. The tinder and hone are thought to be of later date.

A ROMAN PAVEMENT IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: The Very Rev. H. C. L. Heywood, the Provost of Southwell Minster, leans over a trench in his garden and watches the cleaning of a Roman mosaic pavement. The excavations have been under the direction of Mr. C. F. Daniels, of King's College, Newcastle. The pavement is thought to date from the third century and is one of the best-preserved examples of its kind in Britain. A number of skeletons have been dug up nearby. A somewhat ironic story attaches to these discoveries. Mr. Heywood is himself a keen archæologist and has "dug up the past" in many countries. Recently he decided to sell some of his Southwell property, as it was too large for him to manage. First, however, the Ministry of Works asked permission to excavate—and unearthed the Roman pavement.

The World of Books

THE BULWARK OF THE CHANNEL

English Sea Power on the Narrow Seas; In the North of Alaska and the Australian Outback; Translations of Benjamin Constant; Robert Graves's Collected Poems; Five Volumes of Short Stories

"YOU shall find us in our salt-water girdle," wrote the greatest English poet of them all. THE NARROW SEAS (Sidgwick and Jackson. 45s.) is a serious attempt to tell the story of one part of that defence, a history of the English Channel by Mr. Reginald Hargreaves. Beginning with the days when a grazing sheep might pick its way dry-shod from the Sussex Downs to the slopes of Picardy, the author examines not only the physical changes which have come over the scene but the historical aspects of the almost perpetual fight to keep that vulnerable stretch of water inviolate. The French call it *la Manche*, and it is still possible to see it as a sleeve whose widest part begins around Ushant and finishes at the Goodwins, the hand in the North Sea and a thumb making the indentation of the Thames Estuary. In the past, though, they called these the Narrow Seas, and now, as then, these waters have as much significance as the Dardanelles or Messina. Mr. Hargreaves has explored our history in relation to the Channel, and particularly in relation to the growth of English sea power from those early days when Alfred the Great pointed out that there was no advantage to living on an island unless your navy held undisputed sway on the seas around it. It is an impressive book, weighty only in a physical sense, and full of sound comment on our maritime history.

ARCTIC WILD (Secker and Warburg. 25s.), by Mrs. Lois Crisler, is a nature book which is difficult to over-praise. The author's husband is a professional cameraman who, with his wife, made a team photographing wild life for the Walt Disney Studios, north of the Arctic Circle. For this purpose they spent eighteen months in the far north-western corner of Alaska, living either in tents or in plywood huts which they put up themselves, isolated for long periods of time and relying on their own courage and ingenuity to get them through the months of bitter winter. What Mr. and Mrs. Crisler discovered during their long stay, and what gives their book its surprise element, was that wolves can be fond, reliable and playful pets. The photographs of them from pup-hood to the fully-grown stage are quite enchanting and the observations which Mrs. Crisler makes on their ways, natures and habits would, by themselves, make this book worth reading.

WALKABOUT (W. H. Allen. 20s.) is the term used by the Australian aborigine for the kind of expedition he makes when the wanderlust seizes him. Then no kind of employment or promise of comfort or money can hold him and he makes off into the interior, generally with members of his family or tribe. Charles and Elsa Chauvel are an Australian couple who have been making films together since they were youngsters thirty years ago, and the "walkabout" they describe in their fascinating book is the journey they made not long ago, westward from Sydney and then north through the least tractable parts of the outback, up to Darwin in the extreme north. In this book again, the photographs are an integral part of the story and the description. Some of them, such as the one of an aborigine in a bare-handed struggle with a 14-ft. crocodile, are sensational, and some of them, such as the group of aborigine mothers and babies, are appealing in a different way, but altogether this is a wonderfully readable and friendly book with a good deal of the spirit of the country which makes its background.

Last week I mentioned an excellent new biography of Madame de Staël land this week sees the republication of a book designed to coincide with it, ADOLPHE AND THE RED NOTE-BOOK (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.). These are two of Benjamin Constant's most important works, brief as each of them is, and tell us much about this strange character and admirable writer, and much, too, about that even more remarkable figure, the woman who had his devotion for so many years. In his introduction Sir Harold Nicolson writes that *Adolphe* "responds to the realism of our present age, to our dislike of all synthetic formulas," and that is very true. As for *The Red Note-Book*, this is Benjamin Constant's account of the first twenty years of his life and is both poignant and amusing. The respective translations from the French have been made by Mr. Carl Wildman and Mr. Norman Cameron.

In choosing and arranging his COLLECTED POEMS —1959 (Cassell. 25s.), Mr. Robert Graves tells the reader that he has, as before, suppressed those poems which in his opinion no longer pass muster, so that the present volume is not much longer than the collection of thirty years ago and more. "The survival rate has kept fairly even throughout the period, at five poems a year," and, since the span is from 1914 to the present day, that makes a body of work as considerable as it is distinguished.

THE FIVE DAYS (Cassell. 13s. 6d.) is a new novel by Mrs. Diana Raymond, and it is also fresh proof that she is a born story-teller, even though the story she tells may not always seem to be worthy of her craftsmanship. In my view, that is the case here, for dramatically as she builds up the suspense in this tale of a man on the run from prison, it is difficult to feel the sympathy or the liking which the author demands for her principal character and without that *rapport* between reader and hero the man fatally becomes not a human being at grips with a terrible problem but a creature whose bad luck is all too understandable.

A CANADIAN PIANIST IN REHEARSAL: Mr. Glenn Gould is seated at his exceptionally low piano chair, an eccentric feature of his concert appearances, during a rehearsal at the Royal Festival Hall in London. With the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Josef Krips, he is playing all five Beethoven concertos during the ninth series of concerts of music by the composer. The last concert is on Monday, June 1. Although his unusual chair and his habit of playing with his legs crossed might suggest that his interpretations would be freakish, his playing has been generally acclaimed.

Mrs. Ruby Ferguson brings neither the fire nor the drive of the last writer to her novel, THE COUSINS OF COLONEL IVY (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.), but instead a chatty kind of cosiness which, I am assured, is a very popular asset in a novelist's equipment. This, as its title indicates, is a family novel, and although the group concerned are nearly all beautiful, talented and distinguished, they none of them hold the secret of happiness or even contentment. They all struggle in their own ways to reach as near an approximation of it as they may and the most attractive thing about this novel is Mrs. Ferguson's candid liking for the characters she has created.

From Italy comes the most remarkable novel of the week, ARTURO'S ISLAND (Collins. 15s.), by Elsa Morante, who is the wife of another fine writer, Alberto Moravia. Arturo is a young boy as the story opens, living more or less alone, for his father is frequently away on long and mysterious voyages, on an island near Ischia. The place is lovely and his boyhood is surrounded by physical beauty. But as he grows through adolescence to young manhood the nature of things and of people seems to change, and Arturo has glimpses of unsuspected ugliness and cruelty. All this is conveyed in Signora Morante's subtle but never devious manner and the translation by Miss Isabel Quigly could scarcely have been bettered.

A SUMMER GONE (Bles. 16s.) has a satisfying unity about it, for it is a novel in which mountain climbing provides both the plot and the climax, and it has been written by Mr. Henry Klier, who is himself an experienced climber and writes well enough to convince one of his expertise. The mountain itself here is the Matterhorn, and as so often happens in books of this type, it is the challenge and the threat of the mountain which dominates the comparatively trivial love-story. Well translated by Mr. James Kirkup and with a simple but not a naïve charm of its own.

There are no fewer than five volumes of short stories to be discussed this week and between them they offer really rich variety. THE HOURS AFTER NOON (Heinemann. 15s.), for instance, is a set of ten stories by Mr. Paul Bowles and, although their common denominator is a sort of smooth American competence, and, indeed, something better than that, the stories themselves deal with such strongly contrasted types as a little boy, a coloured washerwoman, an Englishwoman living abroad, and an old Mexican. Mr. Bowles writes with authority and with a sharply observant eye. His style is direct and he looks like establishing himself on that short list of writers who are equally at home with the short story as with the novel form.

A LITTLE MORE TIME (Constable. 15s.) is a collection of remarkable, Chekov-like stories by a young American writer, Jean Boley, who died two years ago. Her talent, as we see it here, was fine and delicate, with humour and tolerance to colour it. As she herself had travelled widely, the scenes of her stories reflect this in their backgrounds and may be England or Java, South America or France. One cannot but be grateful for the opportunity of discovering these brief examples of her work.

WELSH SHORT STORIES (Faber. 15s.) have been edited by Mr. George Ewart Evans and include, among the twenty-five, tales by such well-known exponents of the art as Glyn Daniel, Caradoc Evans, Richard Hughes and Dylan Thomas. This is a revised edition of the anthology first published in 1938, and the younger writers now represented in it hold their own staunchly with the more familiar names.

GOTHIC CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE

A Handbook to Both the Famous and Lesser-Known Cathedrals

Mr. R. P. Howgrave-Graham brings a variety of gifts to the task of describing THE CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE (Batsford. 35s.). As a former official of the Muniment Room and Library at Westminster Abbey, as a lifelong student of medieval art and literature, as a trained engineer, a skilled photographer, and a regular visitor to France over many years, this author could hardly be better equipped to survey French architectural achievement in the Middle Ages. Amiens, Chartres, Bourges, Strasbourg, Beauvais, and Notre Dame itself loom large in these pages, but France possesses scores of lesser-known cathedrals, such as Albi and Laon, which are surprisingly little appreciated abroad. Mr. Howgrave-Graham devotes generous space to these lesser-known shrines, but his own pride and joy would seem to be St. Firmin's at Amiens, to whose master-mason Robert de Luzarches this versatile author has written a tribute in verse. It is the soaring splendour of Amiens that impresses so deeply, as, indeed, it does at Chartres, and one really cannot be quite sure whether Mr. Howgrave-Graham is moved more by the poetic quality of this cathedral than by the engineering genius of Luzarches. This is a book to treasure, and not least for its superb photography.

Saburo Sakai was one of the outstanding Japanese fighter-pilots of the Second World War. In SAMURAI (William Kimber. 21s.) he tells the tale of his exploits over Rabaul, Guadalcanal, and Iwojima. They reflect the savagery of the Pacific struggle. Two things emerge strongly from Sakai's narrative: in the first place, the wastefulness of the long-drawn-out Philippines campaign which gave the Japanese eight months to turn Iwojima into a mighty fortress, and in the second place, the doubtful necessity for the atomic bombings at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If we are to believe this writer the American B 29's had already wrought such havoc in her cities that Japan was close to the brink of defeat. One raid on Tokyo alone had laid waste 19 square miles of the city. The Japanese Army, charged with the task of intercepting the great bombers, apparently never achieved even a moment of success, and the Navy aircraft were almost equally ineffectual in their daily wild scrambles against the Superfortresses. This is an absorbing book because it is clear-cut and factual, making no attempt at national justification. The chapter on Japan in disintegration is a remarkable description of the last weeks before the surrender; it represents, indeed, something more than a footnote to history.

Anyone who can take us behind the scenes in Asia to-day is sure of an attentive audience. From the banks of the Volga to the China Seas we know that the pace of events is tremendous, and it is hard to assess which is making the greater strides, a technically-equipped Soviet Union or a less well-endowed China, with its sheer weight of numbers. One of the latest and most welcome books in this category is Dymphna Cusack's CHINESE WOMEN SPEAK (Angus and Robertson. 21s.)—a record of eighteen months spent in China largely in interviewing Chinese workers in towns and villages and in the countryside—people of every category and age group. Everywhere she went Miss Cusack found

"ORPHEUS DESCENDING": In a scene from Tennessee Williams's play at the Royal Court Theatre in London, Lady, the lonely storekeeper (played by the Italian actress Isa Miranda), listens to the wandering guitarist, Val (played by Gary Cockrell). The latest of Mr. Williams's plays to be produced in London, *Orpheus Descending*, is directed by Tony Richardson, with settings by Loudon Sainthill.

THE GUITARIST: Val becomes the object of the affections not only of Lady but also of Carol Cutrere, the once idealistic daughter of the local big family. The part is played by Diane Cilento. Scribbled on the guitar is an eclectic selection of the signatures of famous American jazz musicians; the player appears to idealise the primitive innocence of these early figures in jazz history. Set in the cramped and cluttered space of a small general store, the long play gives a palpitating picture of obsessive corruption.

On right—

A LONELY, PASSIONATE FIGURE: Lady (Isa Miranda), the storekeeper who takes into her employment the guitarist and then falls in love with him, is seated in the dilapidated store. Behind her, twists the staircase leading to the rooms, in one of which her husband is slowly dying of cancer.

CORRUPTION IN THE DEEP SOUTH

Orpheus Descending, Mr. Tennessee Williams's latest work to be seen in London, at the Royal Court Theatre, is a much revised version of his earliest full-length play, *Battle of Angels*. Set amid the dusty jumble of goods and garish fruit-machines of a small general store in the Deep South, the play is a compulsive sarabande of three lonely women and a young, ignorant guitarist, to the theme of the corruption of human contact. The store is run by a woman whose husband is dying of cancer in the upstairs room and whose father was a bootlegger. She takes on and falls in love with the wandering musician, who is also pursued by the vagrant daughter of the local big family and the foolish, kind sheriff's wife. The drama ends in the violence of the lynching mob. A torrent of conflicting emotions, the play is remarkable for the compelling performance given by the Italian actress, Isa Miranda.

On left—

THE TOWNSPEOPLE: The coloured witch doctor (John Harrison) produces a savage Indian call, which upsets and dismays the gossiping women and bigoted men crowded into the store. From left are Nurse Porter (Bessie Love), Pee Wee Binnings (Larry Taylor), Eva Temple (Catherine Wilmer), Dog Hamma (Ivor Salter), Sheriff Talbot (Robert Cawdron), Dolly Hamma (Diana Beaumont), and Beulah Binnings (Mavis Villiers).

(*Continued from previous page*)

The editing of ITALIAN SHORT STORIES OF TO-DAY (Faber. 16s.) has been done with his customary good taste and discrimination by Mr. John Lehmann, and among the authors whose work he has chosen to illustrate the vitality of contemporary Italian fiction are Alberto Moravia, Silone, Mario Soldati and several whose names are less well known to us in this country. They too, however, have written stories which well deserve to be included in this readable anthology.

NEW ORLEANS SKETCHES (Sidgwick and Jackson. 15s.) has something of a curiosity value, for this is some of Mr. William Faulkner's earliest work, written for newspapers and magazines in New Orleans in 1925, when he was living in Louisiana. The sketches provide something of a background for the author's later novels. Mr. Carvel Collins, the American critic, has provided a knowledgeable and helpful introduction.

Vernon Fane

prodigious changes in the everyday life of women. The influence of 2,500 years of feminine suppression is being wiped out. Young women to-day are free to make of their lives what they will, and most of them seem to be enjoying the experience hugely, to judge by this generous and very human interpreter.

Herbert Rittlinger is a globe-trotter with a strong sense of humour and remarkable powers of endurance, qualities which he finds both in his wife and his four friends whom he took with him on a jaunt to the little known precipitous stretch of the Blue Nile between Lake Tana and the Sudanese frontier. The resultant book, ETHIOPIAN ADVENTURE (Odhams. 21s.), makes exhilarating reading, sometimes too exhilarating when crocodiles made a dead set at the canoes in which they were travelling. After experiences of this sort the Rittlingers were glad to take to mule-back, quite certain that the *Crocodilus niloticus* has qualities of savagery unknown to its Amazonian cousin.

Herbert Wilner, an American teacher, has collaborated with Earl Weinstock in writing the latter's pre-war and wartime story, a most moving account of life under the Nazis in occupied Rumania and life in post-war Rumania under Soviet rule. THE SEVEN YEARS (Faber and Faber. 18s.) is a tragic tale of man's inhumanity to man; but is written without bitterness or hatred.

BRITISH WARSHIP NAMES (Putnam. 42s.) is the work of Captain T. D. Manning and Commander C. F. Walker. It is a comprehensive dictionary of ship names which will be most valuable to the historian. The opening chapters give an account of the history of ship-naming and some notes on the changing fashions.

R. C. E.

NEW CAR MODELS

A British Station-wagon; an Irish Plastic-bodied Saloon; French and Swedish Sports Cars; Testing the New Riley; Clearing Traffic Congestion

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THERE is news of interesting new car models from a number of British and foreign firms. Vauxhalls have announced an attractive addition to the growing range of estate cars now streaming from British factories: the Vauxhall Friary, a station-wagon version of the 6-cylinder Velox and Cresta models. The cheaper model costs £1,222, including tax. Price of the Cresta-Friary is £1,309.

These new estate cars are being produced at the Basingstoke works of Friary Motors Ltd., an associate company of Abbotts Ltd., of Farnham. The Friary offers 52 cub. ft. of cargo space when the squab of the rear seat is folded down. The rear door, hinged at the top, opens through 120 degs.

When Mr. William Curtis, son of a Los Angeles manufacturer, was on holiday in Eire a few years ago he and his wife (whose ancestors came from Ireland) were distressed to see such a low standard of living in many areas and so much unemployment. He resolved to start some kind of light industry there to create employment.

What should he build? He considered many products and always came back to the conclusion that the best choice was some kind of car. With the help of Mr. "Spike" Rhiando, a former racing driver who got his nickname because he comes from the wheat-growing Canadian province of Saskatchewan, Mr. Curtis evolved a plastic-bodied occasional four-seater saloon with a detachable head and using mechanical components supplied by the British Motor Corporation. These include a 1½-litre engine, gear-box, transmission and back axle.

I saw the prototype in London the other day. It is a most interesting design exercise and should make a special appeal in the U.S., for which country it is primarily intended. Mr. Curtis hopes to build 3,000 in the first year of production, 7,000 in the second and 10,000 in the third. This kind of output would make the car—to be known as the Shamrock—Britain's first mass-produced plastic-bodied car. It would also be an important milestone on the road towards the large-scale adoption of polyester resin and glass fibre for car bodies.

In the case of the Shamrock the plastic panels are attached by an ingeniously simple method to a superstructure fitted to the chassis frame. Mr. Rhiando tells me he could take the body off the Shamrock in 45 minutes after disconnecting the electrical system. The car is to be built at Tralee, in County Kerry. Shamrock Motors Ltd., hope to keep the price attractively modest by reason of the low labour costs in Ireland and the relatively cheap rental of their factory space. When the Shamrock is eventually available in England the price, including tax, will probably be just over £900.

Now let me tell you about the new Renault Floride, which I have road-tested in Brittany. This sports version of the ubiquitous Dauphine, with a body styled by Ghia of Italy, is a very attractive car. It is likely to find favour among the class of motorists who buy cars like the Karmann-Ghia version of the Volkswagen. It is basically a two-seater, but there are two occasional seats in the back. The squab is hinged forward when the rear seat is not in use. This protects both seat and squab when the rear compartment is being used to carry luggage.

The rear-mounted, 4-cylinder, water-cooled engine of 845 c.c. is basically that of the Dauphine, but it has been modified to give more power at a compression ratio of eight to one. It gives the Floride a very lively performance. Top speed is around 85 m.p.h. and the car cruises happily at 70. On one run of nearly 300 miles in Brittany the Floride I tried out gave the impressive m.p.g. figure of 37½. The car will be available with fixed hard-top or folding hood. For the latter version a removable hard-top is available at extra cost. It is easily fitted and removed without disturbing the folding hood, which tucks away neatly into a special compartment behind the rear seat. In the fixed hard-top model this compartment becomes available as extra luggage space.

In its normal form the Floride has a three-speed gearbox (with the Ferlec automatic clutch offered as an optional extra), but a four-speed box (which I can thoroughly recommend) is available at extra cost. One of the few criticisms I have for this car concerns the gear-box. It is that the gear-change-lever is too far away from the driver and too "woolly" in operation.

The nationalised Renault firm claims that the first year's production of the Floride has already been sold. Many thousands of firm orders are on their books. Their production target by the year's end is 100 a day. That should be doubled by the end of 1960. At least one-third of total production is expected to go to the U.S., where the car will be known as the Caravelle. The car was first announced at last year's Paris Salon and it was also seen at the Earl's Court Show in London. The Floride will be officially "launched" in Britain at the time of the next Motor Show, but it is unlikely that any deliveries will be made in this country until January of next year. I understand it will cost about £1,200 in Britain.

The Floride body is being built by Chausson and the car is being assembled by Brissonneau and Lotz at Creil.

The Swedish firm of Volvo have also decided to cater for that section of the sports-car market at which the Floride (alias Caravelle) is aimed. They are setting about it in an interesting way. Because all their factory space and production resources at Gothenburg are fully occupied already, the sports Volvo is to be assembled in England, where the special body will be made by Pressed Steel Ltd.

The new Volvo will be a sleek two-seater with two extra seats at the back for occasional use. It will have disc brakes and will use the engine that powers the Volvo 122S saloon which has been on sale in Britain since last October. It is an outstandingly efficient unit of 1,580 c.c. This new Volvo is a long-term project. A prototype will not be available until the end of the year and production is not scheduled to begin until the end of 1960. And the price? "Considerably more than the saloon model," say the manufacturers. And that, in Britain, is £1,361.

I have been trying out the latest of the British Motor Corporation's Farina-styled 1½-litre models: the Riley 4/Sixty Eight. With its distinctive radiator grille (retaining the traditional Riley shape to some extent), its well-designed, leather-upholstered bucket seats and rich-looking, walnut-veneer dashboard, the new Riley has a personality all its own in spite of its close kinship with four other "Farina" models. It is not the same kind of car, obviously, as the old Rileys, but this is 1959 and the big car manufacturers cannot afford to cater for a small minority of enthusiasts who demand highly-specialised models—more's the pity.

The new Riley's twin-carburettor engine gives a much better performance than one might expect from a 1½-litre unit and the car offers effortless, high-speed cruising in great comfort. A tachometer to show how fast the engine is working is an interesting concession to the Riley tradition and will be appreciated by many buyers. So will the big boot, with separate shelf for the spare wheel, the clear view fore and aft, the easy-close doors with their ingenious child-proof locks, the well-positioned, floor-mounted gear-lever and the light, positive, shock-free steering. It's the most expensive of the B.M.C.'s "Nap Hand" Farina models, at £1,028—and worth it.

No car would be worth buying, though, if the roads were so congested that driving it was a miserable, time-wasting, irritating business. That is why motorists are beginning to show such a militant interest in the roads, led by the motoring organisations and the British Road Federation. They were delighted to hear, just before the traffic-jammed Whitsun holiday, a statesmanlike Commons speech by Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, in which he dealt intelligently with several aspects of the road problem.

Most motorists particularly welcomed his announcement that this summer he is to experiment with "Clearways"—trunk roads in the open country and in busy cities and towns—on which parking will be completely and utterly forbidden. It is something some of us have been agitating for for a very long time. If the summer experiments are successful the Minister plans to introduce legislation establishing the "Clearway" principle.

How would you like to be able to drive at 60 miles an hour from the heart of London to the centre of Birmingham? This may not be such an idle dream as you may think. The Minister, in the speech to which I have referred, said his Ministry was "looking at the possibility" of a £30,000,000 motor road from Marble Arch to Aldenham, where it would link up with the London-Birmingham motor road. Urban motorways are bound to come, and this would be a wonderful start for London and a fine example to the rest of the country.

Motorists seem to be observing the double white lines fairly well, but it will need a few sharp fines before some selfish drivers develop the right degree of self-discipline.

A NEW CAR TO BE BUILT IN EIRE: The prototype of the Shamrock shows the sleek, American-style lines of the plastic-bodied occasional four-seater family saloon.

INGENIOUSLY CONSTRUCTED BODYWORK: *Left* and *right* are front and rear views of the Shamrock, which is to be built in Tralee, Co. Kerry. It is claimed that after disconnecting the electrical system the plastic body can be taken off in forty-five minutes. The car, designed for the American market, has a 1½-litre B.M.C. engine. Its cost, including tax, will probably be just over £900.

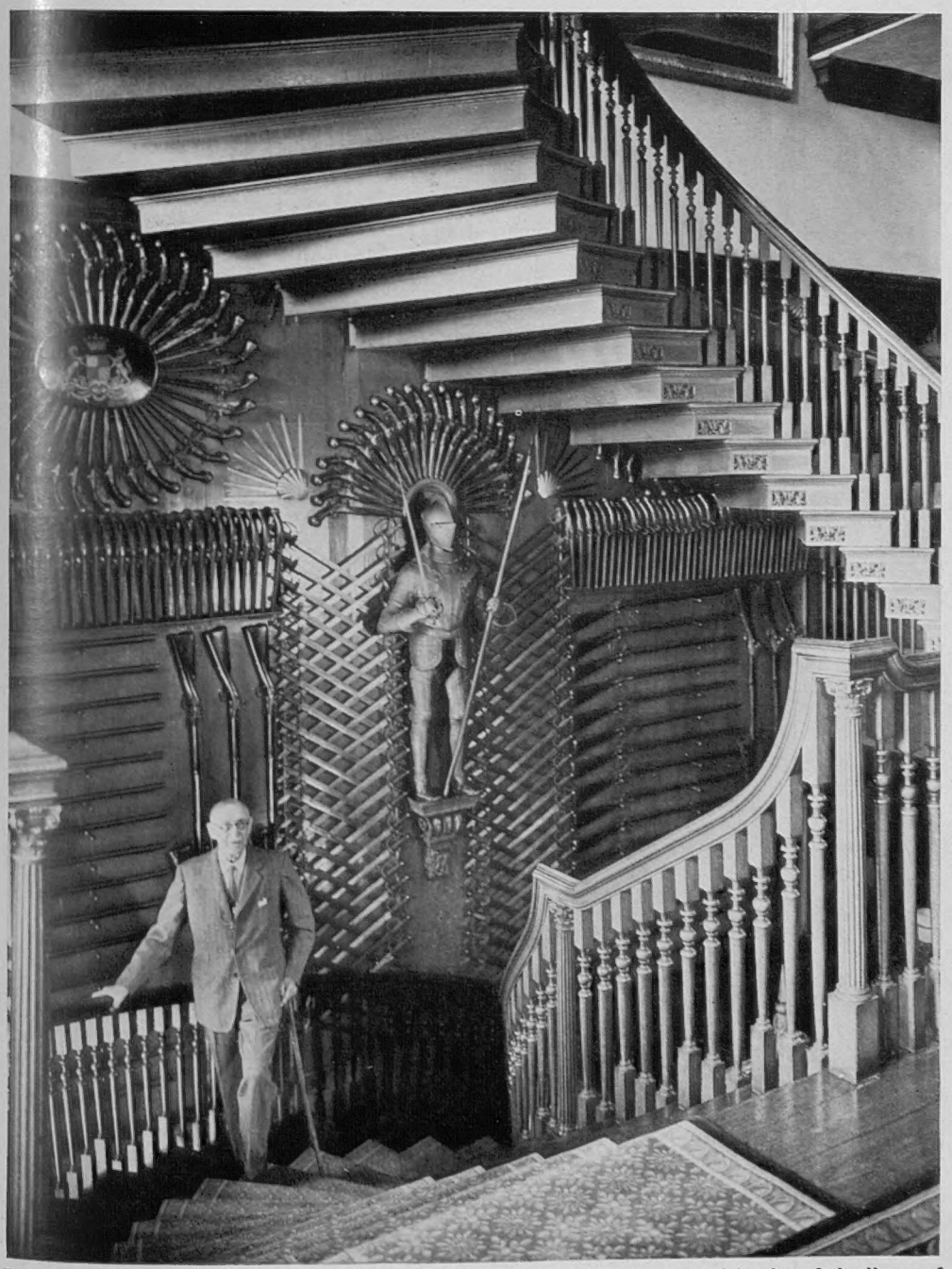
CHEVENING PLACE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE GARDEN: The mansion in Kent, with the estate of about 3,000 acres near Sevenoaks, has been given to the nation by the present owner, Lord Stanhope. The oldest part of the house was built between 1616 and 1630 by Richard Lennard, the thirteenth Lord Dacre, and the work is traditionally ascribed to Inigo Jones. Later, the wings were built by the first Lord Stanhope, who died in 1721. Pilaster and other stonework, added by the third Earl, completely hid Inigo Jones' red bricks on the façade. Lord Rosebery, who as a boy stayed at the mansion, invariably called it "Paradise."

CHEVENING GIVEN TO THE NATION

Lord Stanhope Bequeaths his Family Mansion and Estate Near Sevenoaks, in Kent

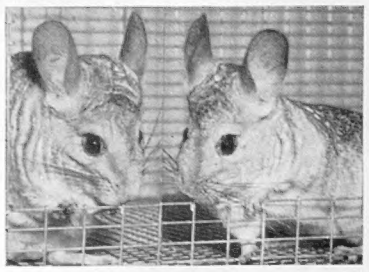
In the Chevening Estate Bill, published recently, details were made known of Lord Stanhope's gift of the mansion to the nation. Lord Stanhope, the present owner, who leaves no heir to the earldom and has been a widower since 1940, said that as long ago as 1937 he told Mr. Neville Chamberlain of his intention to bequeath Chevening to the nation. Again, during the war, he told Sir Winston Churchill of his wish. It fell to Mr. Macmillan to make a formal acknowledgement of the munificent gift. An endowment provides for the upkeep and maintenance of the house and 3,000-acre estate, which will be for the use of Prime Ministers, or nominated members of the Cabinet, or members of the Royal Family. There is a provision in the Bill for its use as the residence of the American Ambassador if other nominees fail to make use of the house.

In his acknowledgement, Mr. Macmillan said the mansion had associations with many of our most distinguished statesmen. Lord Stanhope's long service to the State, he continued, was crowned with a gift which will allow the rare beauty of Chevening and its wonderful atmosphere of peace and serenity to serve the same high purpose which he and his forbears had always cherished. Chevening has been in the possession and occupation of seven generations of Stanhopes, except for a brief period in 1769 when Lord Chatham stayed there with his family. During this period Pitt planned the carriage drive known as Lord Chatham's Ride, partly to facilitate visits from his family residence at Hayes to see his only daughter, who married Charles, later the third Earl Stanhope.



THE MAIN STAIRCASE: Lord Stanhope, a former First Lord of the Admiralty and Leader of the House of Lords, stands on the staircase, which was made out of Spanish oak between 1720 and 1723. Behind are pieces of armour from a disbanded militia regiment in Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne.

THE PRINT GALLERY: The long room contains engravings of leading personalities of the era between 1855 and 1875. Many of them are signed. There are also several framed letters of interest.



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BOWL-TURNING IN BUCKLEBURY

The Death of a Berkshire Craftsman Ends a Chapter in Rural Life

THE INTERIOR OF THE WORKSHOP: A thick carpet of wood shavings covers the floor of the wooden hut which was built nearly a century ago. On the left, across the doorway, is the alder lathe pole and on the right the trimming horse.

For eighty years, practising a craft that had been in his family for four generations, George Lailey manufactured wooden bowls in an isolated hut in the hamlet of Turner's Green, on Bucklebury Common, in Berkshire. He died at the end of last year and with him died a tradition of rural craftsmanship. To make the bowls he used mostly elm, a wood which does not crack or split easily and of which there is a plentiful supply nearby. His equipment was simple: a pole lathe, a trimming bench, about two dozen chisels, and a few other tools. Pole lathes were known in the Iron Age and this one differs very little from them. Above the lathe bed is a 12-ft.-long alder pole anchored at one end. From the free end is a cord, which runs round the lathe chuck and extends from there to the foot treadle. When the treadle is pressed down the cord winds round the chuck pulling the pole down. When the treadle is released the springiness of the pole causes the chuck to revolve in the opposite direction. A large block of elm was put in the lathe and the largest bowl was cut out in such a way that the core could be made into another smaller bowl, and so on until the block became a nest of bowls. From the lathe the bowls went to the trimming horse, where they were placed over an old bowl core to be finished. Afterwards the bowls were placed outside in the open air so that the wood could thoroughly dry out.

George Lailey was a maker of decorative wares. Besides bowls he produced platters, trays, egg-cups, candlesticks and bellows. A number of large London stores provided a ready market for all the bowls he could make and many hundreds of people visited the wooden hut to see the craftsman at work and to buy his bowls. On the craftsman's death his equipment and tools were presented to Reading University's Museum of English Rural Life, where they are now housed.

J. Geraint Jenkins

A PRIMITIVE AND SIMPLE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT: The pole lathe differs very little from prehistoric lathes. Above is the end of the pole, which, with the foot treadle, drives the chuck in the centre.

THE TRIMMING HORSE: After being turned on the lathe, the wooden bowls were placed over the bowl core on the left to be trimmed. The finished bowls were then taken outside to dry out. Other wares made included egg-cups, trays and candlesticks.

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